

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 56.—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

PRICE { DOUBLE { 6d. Unstamped.  
NUMBER { 7d. Stamped.

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FOURTH SESSION, 1877-8.—THIRD MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, Jan. 7, 1878. Paper by J. SPENCER CURWEN, Esq., "On the Laws of Musical Expression," as formulated by M. Lussy in his *Traité de l'Expression Musicale*. Chair taken at 4.30. Paper read at 5 punctually.  
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## NOTES OF TRAVEL.\*

By Dr Hans von Bülow.

## III.

GLASGOW.

11th November.

The "Flying Dutchman" of the 19th century.—Surdines more palatable than Sardines—A whilom Danish Tenor-Violinist.—Statistical Difference between Glasgow and Sondershausen.—Little Story from a Watering-Place.—Harmonious Wolf-Howling.—Contribution to the Natural History of that celebrated Personage: "Our" Maestro.—Ostend and Calais not the Pillars of Hercules—as far as musical Composition is concerned.—An Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for a Tooth—A Divertissement in Court-Martial Fashion.

Our harmless gossipings, respected Herr Senff, are approaching, with my vacation, their termination. Time hurries along as rapidly as the express train which literally *flies* from London to the principal cities in Scotland—Edinburgh and Glasgow. This Scotch Mail, which gets over the respectable distance of 402 English miles in 10 hours and 5 minutes, is in consequence usually called the "Flying Dutchman," from which fact the special popularity of Wagner's opera of the same name may perhaps be explained. The irrevocable ultimo renders me nearly as melancholy as though I belonged to the business world. The possible result may be that in my last epistle I shall employ the minor third more frequently than the major, besides here and there putting the surdine on my pen. There is a strange thing connected with these dampers;† do not we every day renew our experience that, thanks to the irresistible charm they possess for the great multitude, the most rapid pieces of music, the most wretched solo-violoncellist, are not only unhissed, but, despite even a pianissimo close, are able to return home from the field of battle amid rapturous applause? To this a certain strange Berlin purist may oppose his assertion that: "Beautiful music is under all circumstances beautiful." Good—just let him put upon the bow-work instead of surdines sardines and observe the result! As you perceive, my dear Herr Senff, *Galgenhumor gesellt sich mit Galgenfrist*.‡

To-day is a Sunday. That an English, to say nothing of a Scotch Sunday, is to be characterized by the opening chorus in the third act of *Les Huguenots*,§ is something which not even a child on the Continent believes. Yet a foreigner, who is not a professional idler, exaggerates unduly the horrors of this seventh day. Do you know the old, and now unfortunately forgotten, pamphlet of the atheistical, radical Proudhon, on the necessity of observing the Sabbath? He comes to conclusions which the late Herren von Westphalen and von Müller, former Ministers of Public Worship, would have countersigned with ecstasy, and in combatting which by arguments, if not as plentiful as blackberries, the most ready-tongued advocate of progress would be knocked up. What signifies the sacrifice of keeping my piano scrupulously locked up for twenty-four hours, in comparison with the blessing of independence for the brain during the same period? For 52, say fifty-two, days in the year I am here assured against nerve-poisoning by the pianoforte plague in the house and the organ-grinding pestilence in the streets. I can collect my ideas, and arrange my correspondence; I am able to devote myself without interruption to the edifying perusal of our "sacred scores," &c., the high masses of such men as Bach, Cherubini, and Beethoven, the Requiems of a Berlioz and of a Brahms, works which, for want of time, are so seldom accessible to us; I am not, as in

\* From the *Leipziger Signale*, edited by Herr Senff.

† Here, I suspect, is still another "verbal joke" of the untranslatable order. The German word "*Dämpfer*," an oblique plural form of "*Dämpfer*," is quoted by Herr von Bülow between turned commas. This, of course, is not done without a motive. Now "*Dämpfer*," besides meaning a "damper, a sordine, a mute," signifies likewise a "steamer, a steam-engine." The intelligent reader will not fail to perceive here the materials for a "verbal joke."—TRANSLATOR.

‡ This phrase is to be rendered only: "Gallows bad humour goes hand in hand with a gallows short respite." In German, however, the word: "*Galgen*," as employed above, has none of the vulgarity attaching to the English epithet. "*Galgenfrist*," in its figurative sense, means merely "a short reprieve;" "a short postponement of something disagreeable, but inevitable."—TRANSLATOR.

§ According to the German libretto, in which the third act opens with the chorus of citizens on the banks of the Seine: "To-day is a holiday . . . let jollity have full course," &c.—TRANSLATOR.

Germany, constantly in mortal dread of being startled by the door-bell, announcing the idle mendicant tribe of pianists and composers, ashamed or not ashamed to beg, as the case may be, whom we receive—in order to be free from them the next Sunday. Fatal error! They grow tame and familiar, and then regularly chronic. For instance, here comes Herr—Knolle,\* generally with a large roll of paper, and very humbly begs (1) you to give him a recommendation to the committees of various subscription-concerts; (2) kindly to look through the manuscripts he has brought with him. After you have had the charity to louse† the waste-paper of the Future from the grossest grammatical and orthographical blunders, and been foolish enough to sweeten several pills of strong censure by two or three expressions of ordinary courtesy, your visitor mistakes your little finger for your whole hand, and requests: (3) the admission of the Opus or Opusculum into your own concert programme; (4) a laudatory notice in the musical paper with the largest circulation; and (5) a feud between you and a hitherto friendly publisher in consequence of your request, to be couched, of course, in the style of a ukase, that he will have Herr Knolle's vomit speedily engraved, splendidly got up, and most liberally remunerated. The thanks for giving you all this little trouble will subsequently assume the shape of a dedication to the agent. Tasso will make you Duke of Ferrara. Humph! Of one fact Herr Knolle & Co. have no suspicion, and that is that poor "celebrities," in proportion as they grow older—unless they desire to unite with the process that of becoming childish—must husband their time better; that they prefer passing their hours of leisure in a musical church instead of in a musical public; and would rather converse with great men, who have always something new to say if we only listen to them properly, than with little ones, who are frequently capable of making a man repent the avocation he has chosen and feel ashamed of the wretched confraternity among whom he has fallen. This reminds me of the adventure, not, perhaps, very generally known, of a deceased Copenhagen conductor and one of his subordinates; I will interpolate it here, for application if required. At the outset of his career Master Niels W. Gade played the tenor violin under Herr Gläser as his conductor. He had one day to pay a visit to his chief on a matter of business, and, during the interval between his name being taken in and his own admission, he examined in the drawing-room a small and elegant cabinet, which displayed to the admiring eye of the spectator all the works, magnificently bound, and ranged in a row, of the author of *Adler's Horst*. The chief entered the room unobserved. "Ah! you are looking at my scores, eh, and are astonished at the quantity I have given to the world? There—you may look at the *inside*, also, and at your leisure. You are a conscientious, persevering young man, whom a person like me can encourage. I know that you will be careful not to damage the beautiful binding, and I shall have great pleasure in placing at your disposal one work after another to assist you in your studies." "I am sure you are very kind, sir," replied Gade, smiling modestly, "and, at some future time, I will be so free as to avail myself of your friendly offer. At present, I am too absorbed in the study of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passionsmusik*, which I should like to go through first, as my musical education stands as yet upon too weak a basis for me to study and properly appreciate several masters simultaneously. But at some future time, at some future time—" Strange that this "future time" never arrived—Gade the tenor-violinist has become Gade the composer without Gläser's help.

But Copenhagen is not Glasgow, anymore than Glasgow is—Sondershausen. Just fancy, my dear Herr Senff, that there are in Germany many originals still very much in the dark as to the above fact, and under the impression that, because it possesses no permanent orchestra and has only a two months' concert-season, Glasgow can scarcely stand statistically on the same level as Sondershausen. Thus, for instance the musical director—his name is Springinsfeld‡—from Frankfortam, who honoured me with a call last July at Bad Kreuznach, opened his eyes very wide, on my lamenting my inability to controvert by proof the fact that the principal town in Scotland has not for a considerable time

\* "*Knolle*" is used figuratively and contemptuously for "a clod; a boor."

—TRANSLATOR.

† The exact rendering of the German word *lansen*.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ "*Herr Springinsfeld*" may be rendered "Mr Smart" or "Mr Brisk."

—TRANSLATOR.

exceeded half a million. It cost Herr Springinsfeld enough to obtain this information: he did not make—even his travelling expenses. My worthy landlord at Eisenach, observing strictly my physician's directions carefully to protect me against all pickpockets of my nervous calm, and from all who wanted to make unlawful attempts upon my good temper as a patient, sent the intruder in question for half a day to all the spots where he was safe not to meet me. But modern "will" has learned from old "belief" the secret of moving mountains, and—no one after all can escape his fate. So, in the afternoon, I fell unawares into the hands of him who was searching for me, and who stated that "he must have some conversation with me on a most important business matter." As he spoke German tolerably for a discharged republican and particularist—only a man who is by his vocation a great traveller would have detected while listening to my interlocutor a mixture of the local accent of the natives of Sumatra—and as, moreover, *I could not help it*, I surrendered him both my ears, on condition that he would most graciously be as brief as possible. "I have read in the papers that you have been offered the post of conductor at Glasgow. I cannot for a moment believe that, with your bad health, you will accept an offer from so remote a place!" (it is, certainly, a considerable number of cat's springs from the office of the *Didaskalia*.) "Now, I have come to ask you to recommend me in your stead. It is true that you do not know of what I am capable, but for that very reason you are not justified in mistrusting my ability. You may rely upon my doing my best to reflect full credit to your recommendation, and, should you in the interim compose anything new, upon my exerting myself to push it. I care far less about the recompense I shall receive for the sacrifice I make of my time and for my services, than about my rendering myself known in a more extended sphere." I think something might now be done for the man. You need only, most honoured sir, write to the Brothers Wolff in Kreuznach—"good, honest" musicians, and "good, honest" men; they can signal you farther details concerning Herr Springinsfeld, musical director.\*

I wonder whether Springinsfeld will ever be promoted to be "Our Maestro?" What do you think? "Yes, but who is M. U.?"†—"What, do you not know him? Why, you may meet him everywhere; nearly at every station mentioned in the railway guide, or even by the music publishers' catalogues. He is circulated in an endless number of copies, especially in Germany and Italy. But this multiplicity is merely a phantom, an effect of Maja's veil, a — representation, to speak the language of Schopenhauer. Our Maestro is in himself one and the same being, only, by virtue of the *principium individuationis*, appearing under manifold forms, which spring into life, pass away, and again spring into life."

You have had enough of this philosophic jargon—and so have I. Let us speak German; let us call the M. U. without more ado, "the local musical celebrity."

We may divide the M. U. into two principal species, according to a seemingly very outward token: he is either single or married, being in the former case far less dangerous than in the latter. If single, he passes his leisure evenings at the tavern, and talks politics with his admirers. If, however, he fills his pipe with the assistance of a wife, he puts on a dressing-gown, and—begins composing.

The bachelor occasionally does so, too, but only *acutely*, for he lives more genially and therefore faster; moreover, he gives himself up prematurely to drink, if not sufficiently held in check by the lady of the chorus (should he be the conductor at a theatre) or the wife of a commercial traveller (should he only direct a private vocal association) who provides for his—lyric—wants.

If he is no longer a bachelor, he has, provided he be wise, chosen unto himself a wife from out the gentry of the town where he is established, hooking his fish by the not unusual method of imparting instruction on the piano or in singing. If possible, the mother-in-law belongs to a noble family and has highly ramified connections. A younger brother-in-law is a referendary,

\* "Signal you farther details," &c. ("Die können Ihnen den Herrn Musikdirector Springinsfeld näher—signaliren.") The reader will please to bear in mind that Herr von Bülow's letters are addressed to the editor of the *Signale*.—TRANSLATOR.

† Initials of "Maestro Unser" ("Our Maestro").—TRANSLATOR.

who supplies gratuitously the national-liberal local paper with theatrical and concert criticisms and sometimes words for songs, besides, in leap year, an opera libretto. The M. U. riva's in productiveness his frequently better, though seldom handsome half. Simultaneously with the birth of every scrofulous baby, a respectable number of respectable trios, quartets, books of songs, sonatas, cantatas, symphonies, suites—nay, occasionally, even an oratorio or an *opera*—see the light of day. In his opera, the composer endeavours to "accommodate" the old with the new tendency; shows his fellow-townsmen how a man may become a Richard Wagner without the latter's extravagances, &c. The opera is sometimes performed, and sometimes actually printed. The great feature, however, of the composer's meritorious services is, the fact of "his preserving, by solid dams, his sphere of action from being inundated by false tendencies." Admirable! let him dam away as hard as he can. But let him guard against the lust of conquest and ambitious plans of annexation; do not let him allow his imagination to become too heated by the adoration of his relatives and the brothers of his lodge; and let him, on no account, run foul of his neighbouring peer, Our Maestro in B. Otherwise can we blame the latter for requesting the frontier gendarmes to beg Our Maestro in A to content himself with composing, conducting, and intriguing exclusively in the place where he is accustomed to petition every year for a diminution in his income-tax and an augmentation of his salary?

The epithet of "our" possesses, however, a dignified acceptance when it is applied to a national and not a local celebrity. The present representative Nestor of English music is undeservedly far less known in Germany than his predecessor—though contemporary—Mendelssohn's friend and pupil, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, who died in 1875. The readers of the *Signale* may learn from Fétis or Mendel the noteworthy biographical details concerning George Macfarren, as well as the very extensive catalogue of his works. I will now content myself with stating that he is Bennett's successor as director of the Royal Academy of Music in London, as well as lecturer on music in the University of Oxford; \* that he was born in 1813; that he has been for the last ten years completely blind (for which reason he is compelled to dictate all his new manuscripts); and that, above all, he is an author who can no longer be ignored on the Continent—*despite* his fertility. A less delicately polished nature, perhaps, than Bennett, but for me personally much more sympathetic, because most decidedly more healthy, more muscular, richer in colour, and more sanguine. There is nothing hysterical, mollusk-like, or misty; we find in him pregnant expression, concise form, and well-marked individuality, not without even originality. Though he is English, I should feel inclined to characterise him, compared with Bennett, as a Scotchman. Arthur Sullivan may possess greater elasticity; and Henry Gadsby, a younger composer of decided talent, more freshness—but George Macfarren is at present the princeps of British composers and musical scholars, just as Gevaert is the head of the Belgian school, and Verhuelst the pope—though, it is true, with a very Old Catholic tinge—of the compositorial church in Holland.

The Choral Union of Glasgow have, with tact and good taste, begged Mr Macfarren to inaugurate their new hall—after it has been first consecrated, according to the inevitable custom in England, by Handel's *Messiah*—with the first performance of his grand dramatic cantata, *The Lady of the Lake* (founded on Walter Scott's poem, which forms the basis, also, of Rossini's opera, *La Donna del Lago*), offering him, in return for the privilege, a hundred guineas, which is neither illiberal nor over-generous. It is not till the third evening, Friday, the 10th November, that your correspondent will enter on his duties with a Beethoven celebration. But about my approaching labours (which will comprise, independently of the six "classical," eight "popular" concerts, to be partially repeated in Edinburgh and some of the smaller neighbouring towns), it becomes me, as a matter of course, to be altogether silent. From the London papers—for the members of the metropolitan press will stream in shoals to the inaugural ceremonies—as well as from some few local correspondents, you will be able to learn all the same that our concert-hall can accommodate very comfortably 2,800 persons, including the executants,

\* I was not previously aware of this latter fact, having been under the impression that George Macfarren was Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.—TRANSLATOR.

and that it appears to have turned out so well acoustically—though this is certainly a fact which remains to be proved—that I believe the number—not very imposing numerically, it must be owned—of the stringed instruments, 18 violins, 6 violas, 6 violoncellos, and 5 double-basses, will prove amply sufficient. But then, among these artists, who have all come from London, there are no invalids, semi-invalids, or quarter-invalids. But I will now lay down my pen. After I have talked so much about others, and amused myself at their expense, it is only just that I should be treated in the same way by them. Good-bye, till the season of pickled gherkins, my dear Herr Senff;—but the Signale are silent. Well, all the better for our respective colleagues, and for you, too. In my next letter I should assuredly have told you the very cutting motive of the toast proposed by an author, once anti-French, to Napoleon I., because he (at least in Nuremberg) had ordered a publisher to be shot! Do you take?—Always yours,  
Hans von Bulow.

### Dr Hans von Bulow.

If we want to hear news about the irascible Doctor of the Keys and despiser of "Petticoat Pianists," we naturally search the columns of the *London Figaro*, where our witty young friend, "Cherubino," has, for the last twelve months or so, officiated as his historiographer. Three paragraphs have recently appeared, which we subjoin *seriatim*:—

#### No. 1.

"My excellent friend the Doctor is expected to leave Glasgow in a day or two for Hamburg. He has had rather a warm time of it amidst the snow of the Clyde capital, but he held his own tolerably well. There was, indeed, only one occasion in which his confidence failed him. That was when the adapter of 'To Mary in Heaven,' conducting the 'Farewell' Symphony of Haydn, was left alone in his glory, scooping his *bâton* to nobody and nothing but the famous opera-hat. Dr von Bulow never recovered that shock, and he will shake the Glasgow dust off his feet for ever. It is not thought likely that he will conduct next year; indeed, I believe he has not been asked."

#### No. 2.

"My excellent friend the Doctor has again been up to his little pranks in Edinburgh. He knocked out of the programme a piece by Bach, substituting for it the *Prometheus* overture of Beethoven. Macfarren's *Chevy Chase* overture was played instead of a march by Bulow; and, finally, Sullivan's *Marmion* overture was discarded in favour of the *Gustave* overture by Auber. The Doctor then made a speech about 'Glasgow mismanagement,' tucked a laurel wreath under one arm, and his opera-hat under the other, and precipitately made back tracks."

#### No. 3.

"And, *mirabile dictu!* my excellent friend the Doctor played, at Glasgow, last Saturday, a duet by Saint-Saëns, with a 'petticoat pianist'—Mrs Beesley. I always said the Doctor was not the terrible woman-hater he would have us believe him to be. He is, I fear, a sad dog, is my excellent friend."

Now, Cherubino—apple of a man unpaired (*peared*)!—be merciful.—D. B.

#### ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3rd:—

Marche Religieuse	...	C. Gounod.
Andantino from the Fourth Symphony	...	Mendelssohn.
Toccata and Fugue in the Dorian Mode	...	Bach.
Barcarolle (G major, Op. 135)	...	Spohr.
(a) Gavotte, <i>Atalanta</i>	...	Handel.
(b) March <i>Deidamia</i>	...	
Overture, <i>Preciosa</i>	...	Weber.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 5th:—

Organ Sonata (No. 1, F minor)	...	Mendelssohn.
Andante Spianato (G major)	...	Chopin.
(a) Minuet, <i>Ariadne</i>	...	Handel.
(b) March, <i>Giulio Cesare</i>	...	
Fantasia with Chorale	...	H. Smart.
Andante (B flat major)	...	Vilbac.
Grand Chœur (A major)	...	Th. Salomé.

### In Treble Parson.

(To Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq.)

A Lyste

Of Sacred Hymns and Tunes, and likewise Worldly Songes, certain of w<sup>h</sup> were sung in y<sup>e</sup> yere of our Lord

1677,

And w<sup>h</sup> pieces will be once more played and sung at a  
Greate Concerte,  
to be attended at

Parson Beecher, Hys Meeting-House,

in y<sup>e</sup> Towne of Brooklyne, on y<sup>e</sup>

27th day of y<sup>e</sup> month of December, N.S.,

1877.

### GREATE CONCERTE.

TIMEIST: HELPFALL CAMP.

FIDDLERS, HARPSICHORDISTS, &c.: Playfair Browne and y<sup>e</sup> Towne Orchestra.

WOMEN SINGERS: Stoodwell Sparks, Rosannah Wholebrook, Mercy Hall, Charity Storrs, Selfdenial Dodge, Sprightly Luckey, Perseverance Dugard, Patience Young, and Deliverance Watkins. Y<sup>e</sup> names of y<sup>e</sup> rest are omitted by request of y<sup>e</sup> printer, who has no room for more.

MEN SINGERS: Farewell Daneland, Deepvoiced Holbrook, Tuneful Vail, Merciful Champney, Deacon Faithful Hutchinson (hys third appearance), Ichabod Powell, George Washington Abel, Joseph Warren Blackmer, Truesteel Silver, Workwithout-ceasing Brown, and some thirty others, whose names will be found in y<sup>e</sup> Parish Register.

#### Y<sup>e</sup> Firste Parte.

1. Instrumental Opening - - - Playfair Browne.
2. Song of y<sup>e</sup> Old Folke - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
3. Confidence - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
4. Worldly Songe - - - Farwell Daneland.
5. Blue Hill - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
6. Montgomery - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
7. New Durham - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
8. Worldly Songe - - - Stoodwell Sparks.
9. Rainbow - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
10. Victory - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
11. Worldly Songe - - - Rosannah Wholebrook.
12. David's Lamentation - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.

#### Y<sup>e</sup> Seconde Parte.

1. Easter Anthem - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
2. Greenwich - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
3. Worldly Songe - - - Stoodwell Sparks.
4. Russia - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
5. Invitation - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
6. Sherburne - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
7. Worldly Songe - - - Farwell Daneland.
8. Mount Zion - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
9. New Jerusalem - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
10. Strike y<sup>e</sup> Cymbal - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.
11. Worldly Duet - - - Stoodwell Sparks and Timeist Camp.
12. Blessing - - - All y<sup>e</sup> Men and Women Singers.

Y<sup>e</sup> Concert is in compliment to Father Camp, y<sup>e</sup> Timeist of Parson Beecher, hys choir.

Y<sup>e</sup> Treasurer Storrs desires that no applause shall be made with y<sup>e</sup> feet, as y<sup>e</sup> carpets, imported by sailing vessel from Europe, cost much money.

Cows and lambs will not be suffered to feed in front of y<sup>e</sup> Meeting-house door. Poundmaster Hubert will impound all stray critters, and exact y<sup>e</sup> fines.

Foot-warmers may receive fresh coals at neighbor Pratt, her kitchen.

Prime Cider at Tallman Hills, near y<sup>e</sup> Meeting-house.

Applause in y<sup>e</sup> Meeting-house is seemly on proper occasions; y<sup>e</sup> women folke are reminded that they cannot make much noise if they clap their hands with their mittens on.

Active King will see that the Men and Women Singers have proper accommodations, and that y<sup>e</sup> attendants on y<sup>e</sup> Concerte are comfortably provided for. Horses and wagons may be left at y<sup>e</sup> Hostlerie of Cooney and Burtenshaw Wheeler, in Love Lane, and sent for at 10 by y<sup>e</sup> clock.

Y<sup>e</sup> schooner Mollie W. Robinson has arrived at Sage's Dock from North Carolina, with a cargo of turpentine and peanuts. Tithingman Weld will enforce the rule requiring Spinsters to put their shells in their reticules. Small boys will deposit theirs in their hats.



## CATHERINE NICOLE LEMAURE.

The Opera is always the Opera, at the end of fifty or at the end of a hundred years; it changes, however, like everything else in the world, though not, it is true, from one year's end to another, but from one period to another; and if the Opera of our days is no longer what it was, as regards its morality, manners, and customs, in the time of the Restoration or the Empire, it differs even more from the Academy of Music in the last century. M. Adolphe Jullien, who has undertaken the task of restoring the genuine physiognomy of our leading theatre in the eighteenth century, from the most valuable data and the most secret papers, has just published, at Detaille's, a new and most piquant work on Mdlle Lemaure, which we must read by the light of his former tract, *Papillon de la Ferté, un Potentat Musical à l'Opéra, de 1780 à 1790*, for by so doing we shall be enabled to study from nature the internal life and the artistic characteristics of the Academy of Music at two very different epochs, namely, in the middle and at the end of the last century, on the morrow of the Regency and on the eve of the Revolution. M. Jullien's last work re-traces, in addition to a most curious mystification, the career—about which people know too little—of one of the most illustrious female singers once belonging to our Academy of Music; it initiates us fully into the tastes of a thoughtless state of society, and the writings with which people of fashion were then charmed.

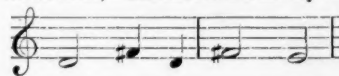
Catherine Nicole Lemaure was born in Paris, in 1708. After being originally admitted into the chorus of the Opera in 1719, she made her first appearance there as a solo singer at the end of 1721. When she thought she had obtained a sufficiently firm footing on the stage she suddenly left it, in 1725, under the belief probably that a momentary absence would cause her talent to be better appreciated than it was. If such was her notion it was not a bad one, though she was not considered very bright. This first absence of hers lasted scarcely more than a year, after which she triumphantly returned. In the August of the following year she vanished once again, and, for two years, sang only at the Concerts Spirituel, waiting for the popularity of her rival, Mdlle Pellissier, to diminish. She made her second triumphal return to the stage at the solemn revival of Danchet and Campra's *Hésione*, in 1729. On this occasion she remained for a tolerably long time, and each fresh character she sustained strengthened her hold on the favour of the public. Though short and ill-formed, she had a very noble stage-appearance, and identified herself to such a degree with what she had to say, as to extort tears from the coldest spectators. Two parties were formed, as in the time of the Lullyites and Rameauites, or, subsequently, in that of the Gluckists and the Piccinists. There were the Maureans and the Pellissians. Each faction had its place, very distinctly marked, in the pit of the Opera. Immediately one of the rivals made her entry on the stage the opposite party turned their backs, and gazed at the amphitheatre while she was singing; her partisans, on the contrary, applauded her obstreperously. Mdlle Lemaure remained true to the Opera six years. This was a long time, and, one fine day, a mad idea occurred to her. During the performance of Montéclair's revived piece of *Jephté*, which was going admirably, she suddenly took it into her head that she would leave actors and spectators in the lurch and go out to a supper-party. M. de Maurepas, Minister of the Royal Household, sent an order for her to re-appear on the stage, but she refused. The Minister immediately signed a *lettre de cachet*, and had the capricious singer conveyed to For-l'Évêque. But her humiliation was changed into an unexpected triumph. Louis Achille de Harlay, Intendant of the Generality of Paris, with whom she was to have supped, gallantly offered her his hand, and accompanied her with grand ceremony as far as the prison. Her imprisonment did not last much longer than a quarter of an hour. Restored to liberty, at the request of her manager, she was asked to resume her part that same evening; but she obstinately refused, and swore never to put her foot in the theatre again. It was necessary to have back Mdlle Pellissier. This adventure caused indescribable excitement all over Paris. Precisely at the same epoch there occurred a far graver scandal, over which we must pass in silence, in order not to shock certain of our readers—a scandal giving rise to a mystification which caused at the time a great noise. The reader will be astonished at Mdlle Lemaure's having been able to leave the Opera just as the whim seized her. It is true that her engagement forbade her to do so

without giving her superiors at least six months' notice. But there was a subterfuge by which this obligation could be evaded; it was to devote herself, or pretend to devote herself, to religion. She contented herself, therefore, with simply singing the service of the "Tenebræ," and the devil lost nothing by the change, for the public flocked to the churches where she sang, just as they had previously gone to applaud her on the stage. After the lapse of three years, however, she yielded to the representations made her, and returned to the Opera, choosing for that purpose the very work during the performance of which she had indulged in her mad prank. This time she remained till her final retirement in 1744. She was still in possession of all her vocal powers and all her talent, when, from lassitude or *ennui*, she left the stage; but she did not object to sing in the houses where she was received, and even to play there in grand operas. In 1771, the organizers of the Concerts du Colysée prevailed on her to appear several times in public; but her powers were no longer what they had been, for she was approaching her seventy-first year. She died at the age of eighty-two. When she was fifty-nine she married a young man, M. de Montrose (Montbruel), a chevalier of St Louis, who nearly missed burying her.

Mdlle Lemaure, concerning whom her former biographers, Delaborde, Fétis, and Castil-Blaze, are all wrong, copying in succession each others' errors, was as great at eating as at singing, if we are to believe what Chevrier says:—"She never knew how to read; she was born with little wit, and her intelligence was probably intuitive; at forty, she went mad; in 1753, she would not sing at the Dauphine's unless she were fetched in a carriage; she ate only mutton, and cannot bear to see any other meat on the table she honours with her presence, so that the worthy people who wish to entertain and hear her, are compelled to put themselves upon a mutton diet and nothing else." The portrait is not flattered, but Chevrier's judgments are not to be feared; as M. Jullien very well remarks, he was a judge already judged. Up to the last, Mdlle Lemaure subjected the patience of the superior authorities to some rude trials, and a thousand whims flashed through her mad brain which was, every instant, creating some difficulty for the manager of the Opera. "Mdlle Lemaure did not sing yesterday," says a contemporary, in 1743, "because Ricau, her hair-dresser, had not arrived. M. Thuret is heartily sick of her caprices, and would very much like to get rid of her without his taking the initiative, as well as of the Lagarde family, who are eating him up, he says, without the public's being any the better for it. The King is to go to the Opera next Friday. It is hoped that the reasons which are always preventing Mdlle Lemaure from singing may not do so on this occasion." The lady was then making the most of her opportunity, for she had only a few months more to remain at the Opera. A year had elapsed since she had sung for anyone but her friends, when she was pressed to do so at the Court entertainments for the marriage of the Dauphin, in 1745. After much solicitation she consented, but on the express condition that one of the Royal carriages should be sent to convey her to Versailles, whither she should be accompanied by a Gentlemen-of-the-Chamber. This ceremonial was scrupulously observed, and, while traversing Paris, in the superb carriage, she uttered the exclamation, so full of ingenuous and joyful vanity: "Oh, dear! How I should like to be at one of those windows to see myself pass!" Her remark deserves handing down to posterity.—*Journal de Musique.*

## TO WEIST HILL.

DEAR WEIST HILL,—You have heard this cry:—



Yes, you have. Pray explain it, and oblige yours in sincerity,

STEPHEN ROUND.

BAYREUTH.—Wagner has issued a proclamation regarding his model training school. His plan is postponed, on account of "the present unfavourable state of things;" but his "consecrated Festival-Play," *Parsifal*, on which he is engaged, will be produced, in the summer of 1880, at his model theatre, in the style of the *Nibelungen* performances.



Charites et Gratia.



E. yall.

Thalia.

Aglaia.

Euphrosine.

## Pantomime.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—This is my long conceived and firmly rooted idea of a pantomime :—



Knowing it to be shared by many of your readers, I presume to direct your attention to it. Credit me, with sincere humiliation, yours obediently,

Paul Poist.

## To Oedipus.

Who's is this?



Who's is this?



Answer quickly! I have more, much more, to ask—  
which if you don't answer—Woe! Woe! Woe!

Sphinx.

## Æwei Epitaphen.

No. 1.

## IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

(From our Harrowed Correspondent.)

On Mr Port, the first man who died from a railway accident.

Bright was the morn, and happy rose poor Port;  
Gay on the train, he used his wonted sport.  
Ere noon arrived his mangled form they bore,  
With pain distorted and o'erwhelmed with gore.  
When evening came to close the fatal day,  
A mutilated corpse the sufferer lay.

No. 2.

## IN LANCING CHURCHYARD.

(From our Lanced Correspondent.)

Green loquitur, from the midst of his own remains.

Farewell, vain world, I must be gone;  
This is no resting place for me.  
I'll take my staff and travel on  
In hopes a better place to see.

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.

## HANOVER.

(From a Correspondent.)

A concert was lately given by the united *Liedertafeln*, to raise a memorial over the grave of the late Court Chapelmaster, Herr C. L. Fischer. Among the artists who gave their services were Herr Joachim, who came expressly from Berlin, and two members of the operatic company at the Theatre Royal, Mad. Koch-Bossenberger and Herr Blötzacher, their example being followed by the orchestra. Herr Joachim, as usual, delighted everyone by his magnificent playing. The pieces he selected were Spohr's Ninth Concerto, Romance in F major, by Beethoven, and, in compliance with an irresistible outburst of enthusiasm, a Piece for the Violin, by J. S. Bach. The concert took place in the Theatre Royal, which was crammed.

## AN HIBERNIAN LOVE SONG;

OR,

## THE GREEN ISLANDER'S LAY.\*

Come, love, to the land where the sweet breath of morning,  
Thro' all the year round seems to whisper of spring,  
The eye waking still on fresh verdure adorning,  
And blooms, making promise more beauty to bring;  
Where a smile so fast follows, or breaks thro' our tears,  
And the rainbow of hope ever quickly appears.  
Let us haste, my love, haste to the evergreen isle,  
Where the clouds, fondly blushing, reflect the sun's smile.

Come, love, to the land where the dews at night falling  
Renew or make fresh look Day's emerald dress;  
And Tyranny's misdeeds, tho' sometimes appalling,  
To Love seem aton'd by his sweetheart's carress!  
As a smile so fast follows, or breaks thro' his tears,  
And the rainbow of Hope ever quickly appears.  
Let us haste, my love, haste to the evergreen isle,  
Where the clouds, fondly blushing, return the sun's smile.

And there's the true home of the love most ideal!  
The heart can give life to, the soul can conceive,  
Where sentiment tempers so sweetly the real!  
Ev'n Poverty's self can in true love believe.  
For of love grief's a test, which makes holy with tears,  
And the rainbow of Hope, flash'd from heav'n, then appears;  
Let us haste, my love, haste to the evergreen isle,  
Where the clouds, fondly blushing, return the sun's smile.

Far westward it beaches the wild waves of ocean,  
Which thousands of miles roll in seeking its shore;  
The hearts cradled there beat with wilder emotion  
At love's flow and ebb, and than others love more—  
Oh! far more than the Saxon at best can conceive,  
And, more fondly loving, more truly they grieve  
When by Death's hand despoil'd of the treasures they prize,  
And they listen in vain for, and look hopelessly,  
For the sweet-sounding voice, and the love-beaming eyes,  
Sadly echo'd, and mirror'd by fond mem'ry.

\* Copyright reserved.

EDMUND FALCONER.



(From "Punch's Pocket Book.")

# MY RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR.

(By the Gentleman who took "THE Ride to Khiva.")

Having determined to start on my ride at once, I hired a servant who professed to know the shortest and cheapest route. He was a Scotch Arab who had resided for a long time in the east. His name, which implies his mixed descent, was *Nargillie*.

On the thirteenth of the month we reached Erezaroom, and were uncommonly glad to get there, having been in the saddle the whole time.

Erezaroom is a place where one can sit down comfortably and look towards the north of Asia Minor. Here the primitive people subsist entirely on letting lodgings to one another. They are only too glad to see a stranger, and take him in.

Hardly had I dined on the native dish, always offered you as an insult to any one suspected of being a Christian, and which they call Choppisan Toomartars, when *Nargillie* rushed in, fearfully excited, and informed me that we must not stop here any longer, as the horses were eating their heads off in the stables.

"Send for a Muzzle-man," I said.

*Nargillie* took the hint, and I was soon allowed to enjoy my *siesta* in quiet.

The next morning we started, after paying the people in their own coin. There had been a hard frost in the night, and the ground was sheeted with ice for miles.

Fortunately we were provided with horse-skates, which we at once fastened on to the horse's shoes.

The unwonted exercise was exhilarating, and viewing a wild fox, we gave chase. Shy *Reynard*, without skates, hadn't a chance, so we came up, worried him ourselves, were in at the death, and I made *Nargillie* (who had never been out hunting before), give me half a sovereign for the brush. I told him it was to keep up an old custom, and threatened to leave him in the trackless desert, if he did not at once comply with it. However, in return I gave him the Fox itself as a perquisite.

The thaw began. No more skates.

At mid-day we passed a bubbling stream, of which I could not catch the name, as we were going too fast. We stopped for a few minutes at an inn. Here we drank some excellent *stirripp kupp*, which has a taste of something between very good old leather and steel. The charge was exorbitant, but they said, "O little son of a big-pocketed father, we are descendants of the Profit and we must live."

I replied that "I did not see the necessity for their existence," and rode off, *Nargillie* following me with some difficulty on account of the brickbats which (I am informed here) are generally thrown after departing guests, to hasten their departure, according to the old proverb; for the East, be it remembered, is a land of proverbs.

*Olegin* was to have been our next halting place. It lies very low, and there is not a private house in the village.

We saw the Cadi, however, but as he was the most thorough Cadi I'd ever met (insulting us as Christians by putting his thumb to his nose and spreading his fingers out), we rode on.

Very different was the conduct of the old Te-Cadi in the next village of Totali, where they drink hot water. Sometimes the inhabitants of the two villages mingle together, but the result is not good. We accepted the old Te-Cadi's hospitality. Presented him with the fox we had killed, and told him how to cook it. *Nargillie* gave him some sauce.

Late in the evening we arrived at Erezagen. We had now done over three thousand miles, and were a little fatigued. After resting, made the acquaintance of an intelligent Turk. Played him at Bakarat, a game of my own invention, with which he was not previously acquainted. For a further consideration (beyond his trifling loss) I taught him the game. He told us that the people about here were very stupid.

Tuesday (extract from Diary).

Met a band of Kurds on our way. One of the Kurd girls approached, and made us a Kurdsey, (i.e., an obeisance), with much grace and good feeling.

The Kurds are a handsome race, not unlike the people of Cowes in the Isle of Wight.

*Nargillie* thought he recognized a Scotch lassie among them, and wanted to stop.

We had now to proceed slowly as we found ourselves on treacherous ice. The entire river was frozen over, and the boats brought by the natives were utterly useless. The poor people were wild with anger, for they wanted to cross and get to the fair, and the *Mullahs* (an ecclesiastical order which provides warm drinks for their parishioners) told them that nothing could be done to appease the demon *Jak Phroszt* (in whom they believe implicitly), except

to sacrifice the two strangers; ourselves. I pointed out to them that one was sufficient for the purpose, and offered to deprive myself of the services of *Nargillie* for their benefit. But *Nargillie* clung to me, and protested he would see both of us further first (himself, especially,) before he would forsake his dear master. I told him in English "not to be a dumb fool," and he bellowed louder than ever.

The *Mullahs* had raised their lemon-peeling knives, when a sudden thought struck me. "Hold!" I exclaimed, in a tone that immediately commanded their attention.

They did hold, and pretty tightly too. Then I explained myself.

"I am," I said, "a magician!" ("Yah! yah!" from the crowd.) "I will take you and your boats across safely." ("Yah! yah!")

"Here, in this sack, I have some wonderful charms." I opened the sack. It contained yards and yards of ready-made mustard-plasters. "Take these," I said. "Sit in your boats, and place these on your chests. No matter how heavy, or how big the chest, one of these will draw it." They seized them with avidity. In another second they were plastered all over, and were being drawn in all directions. The savage band was dispersed, and *Nargillie* and myself crossed the ice in perfect safety.

On reaching *Krushatz*, we were entertained most hospitably by *Sleiman Pasha*, editor of the *Bosh Dali*, a journal that has recently done great service to the Eastern cause, and we were informed that riding further was out of the question, as we could only get to Van by Kars; or, if by Kars first, then on by Van to anywhere else.

After dinner we were sitting on the *di-van*, *Sleiman* and myself. "I have determined," said my agreeable host, who professed very clear notions of civilization, "I have determined to let you see my wives. They will come in with uncovered faces."

They did. The youngest of them was a chicken of fifty. I complimented the eldest on her beauty. She was enchanted. Enchanted! I wish she had been bewitched, and turned into stone; for the way she ogled and smiled really frightened me.

"Son of more than respectable parents!" cried my host, "you shall see that a Mussulman can be generous. *Zuleima*," he said to this elderly female, "*Zuleima*, crown of my harem,"—he must have meant, "crone of my harem,"—"you shall be *his*," points to me. She hobbled towards me, and knelt. Out of politeness I was compelled to lift her up again. "Take her," said *Sleiman Pasha*. "*Taykur mib oi!* and be happy!"

What was I to do?

To refuse would have involved terrible consequences. Firstly, the undying hatred of the old lady herself, who would have poisoned my coffee as soon as look at me, and much sooner than I could look at her. Secondly, I should have broken the laws of hospitality, so sacred in the eyes of a Turk; and, thirdly, what might not the consequences have been to England? *Ex uno disce omnes*; and if one Englishman will break faith, and act dishonestly, what will twenty do? It is a mere sum in proportion, perfectly intelligible to the logical Eastern mind.

Thus refusal was absolutely impossible.

"*Je propose*" "*J'accepte*," but if I could have *écarté*d myself, how delighted I should have been.

The next day I rode off to see *Abbakir Khan*, who was living in a very smoky tent, up in the hills. *Abbakir Khan* was in good circumstances; or, as he expressed it in his own language, "*Velof furtinn*," which is the case of most *Bakkir Khans*; but the poor fellow was in weeds, that is, in mourning for his wife. He had that morning been down to the market, and there wasn't another to be bought for love or money.

"The fact is," said old *Bakkir Khan* sadly, "it has been a very dull season with us. Even *Bey-Bey Pharmars* are all complaining. It used not to be so! But Allah is good."

"No better," said I, respectfully; for I always suit my conversation to my company.

Suddenly it flashed across me. *Zuleima!*

"*Bakkir Khan*, old man!" I said, grasping his horny hand. "*Bakkir Khan*, the Frank loves the Sheik, and honours him! The Frank would rather dance on his own grandmother's grave, than see his dear *Bakkir Khan* rolling about in the very emptiness of grief. You want a wife; you shall have one!"

"But the price?" he cried, trembling. "Do not be hard on your servant who kisses the rim of your hat."

"She is a little dear," I replied, enigmatically. And then I winked at him. "But a little dear as she is, I can let you have her at something below the market price; only as a friend, and begging you'll not mention the subject to a soul."

By the tomb of all he held sacred (which couldn't have been much of a mausoleum), he swore he would be silent, and offered



to take her in that afternoon, if I would not mind paying the carriage.

On returning to Sleiman Pasha, I said, "Sleiman, between you and me—speaking frankly as an Englishman—you want to get rid of your harem."

Sleiman protested, but I put my finger to my nose, and he recognized the masonic sign. At once we grasped palms as fellow-craftsmen. From that moment I was on my guard—my craft against his. "Sleiman, if I make you an offer for your harem—"

"Couldn't part with 'em," he replied, pretending to cry.

"Very well," I returned, carelessly, "then say no more about it." And I made as though I were going.

He stopped me.

"On consideration," he began—

"Of course," I interposed, "for a consideration—"

"Well," he said, "I'd take a cool *thou*, for the lot."

"Couldn't be done at the price," I replied, decisively, for I knew how far old Bakkir Khan (who was very near sighted in more ways than one) was inclined to go. "I'll take 'em all off your hands for a hundred down."

"Done!" cried Sleiman Pasha. The old rascal, he'd bought 'em all at a sale of bankrupt stock three years before, and hadn't given half that sum.

However, the bargain was struck, and I sent my servant off, with a caravan full of ladies, to old Bakkir Khan, with instructions to show him the youngest first (just as they put the best looking strawberries at the mouth of the pottle), and take one hundred and fifty down on the nail before delivery.

My servant returned in a couple of hours with ninety-five pounds in cash, and the rest in bills.

That evening, after dusk, on quitting (with regret) my hospitable entertainer, I handed over to him the bills for fifty-five pounds, with an I O U of my own (valuable if only for its autograph, which has before now been fought for in European salons) for forty-five.

Old Sleiman would have detained me, but I pointed out to him that I had an engagement to keep, that I never disappointed anybody (this to comfort him—for while there's life there's hope), and that I must be punctual to the moment, having to ride more than forty-five miles (he winced at the number, but the reference was purely accidental) across a trackless desert, but that he might, in a general way, rely on me.

The last thing I heard of my truly agreeable host was Sleiman Pasha's voice as he called out, "Hi! Here! They're old Bakkir Khan's bills on me! Here! Stop! I say I can't pay myself!" He was standing before his own door, examining the bills by the aid of a lantern, that shed a circle of light around him.

It was a picturesque scene, and one that has never faded from my memory. But we could not stop merely for the sake of the picturesque and romantic, and so I galloped onwards, and, followed by my faithful Nargillie, I passed along on the noiseless tan-dust, through the first toll,\* without awakening the pike-man, and, bounding over the low barrier, we, with a wild hurrah, made our first bow to the trackless desert.

In another day our ride was finished. My opinions on the advantages which may accrue to England from this hurried visit, I shall publish in another form.

Enough has been said by me to show you that I am a man of my word, and that what I say I'll do, I do.—Yours ever,

Bond fide Travellers' Club,  
November, 1877.

K(HIVA)C.B.

#### CHERUBINI'S PIANOFORTE SONATAS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I think you are somewhat in error in saying that Cherubini's sonatas are still in manuscript. In Koehler's "Clavier-Music aus alter Zeit," Cah. 7 (Enoch & Sons), is Sonata 3, by Luigi Cherubini. Years ago I was offered six (I think) sonatas for the clavichord or harpsichord, bearing his name, and printed in oblong form, but where I cannot recollect. Faithfully yours,  
Sydenham, Jan. 1, 1878. W. J. WESTBROOK.

[Our correspondent is perfectly exact. A set of six pianoforte sonatas by Cherubini are printed "in the oblong form" he specifies; and one of them, No. 3, in B flat, was played by Herr Ernst Paer at the Monday Popular Concert of November 10, 1862. They are, however, comparatively unimportant works.—D. P.]

\* Editor's Note.—We didn't know that toll-bars were Eastern institutions. Rider's Reply.—Oh dear, yes—in *Anatolia*. Hence the name: obviously enough. In fact, I am thinking of bringing out a new Sensational Drama, entitled *The Toll Man of Anatolia*. Last Act, "Tolling the Anatolian Bell."

#### The Past a Prophecy of the Present.

1746.

When *Daily the Tall* was first pointed out to Lady C. in Ranelagh Gardens last summer—Oh Lord! I know that *figure*, (cried her Ladyship) it is extremely familiar to me; that is GLUMDALCLITCH, the heroine of Gulliver's Travels.—I have the *Dean's* works in my private library, with cuts.

Lady Betty never knew that she loved Lord R—— till she lost him. Her Ladyship is inconsolable, and will see no company.

Mrs. Vanyessendovern, of St. Mary Axe, says, that the *London Spy* is a very prying, impertinent, ill-natured kind of a fellow; and desires us to inform the public, that she means, in concert with Mrs. Van Scratchercat, the young Dutch widow of Goodman's-fields, to bring an action against her, not for keeping house within the polite circles of Camomile-street, but for spreading reports that she and her dear sister were not *Christians* and *widows*, but two German Jewesses, whose husbands are still alive, and are itinerant traders between the towns of Leipsic and Frankfort on the Oder, and who are humble enough to carry their *whole* property about them in a pack.

The pretty black-eyed milliner of Bishopsgate-street is desired not to be so constant at her devotions in the *City Mall*, nor to cough the old gentleman out of his counting-house in New Broad-street as she passes by. His wife, who is young enough to be his grand-daughter, and who brought him a very plentiful fortune, may have her ears opened to the signal, and her eyes may be opened so far as to enable her to find her way into *Throgmorton-street*.

Lord C——, and his dear Becky B——, having, a few evenings ago, sacrificed most plentifully to Bacchus, his Lordship communicated to the Lady the contents of a letter he had received from an old acquaintance, requesting a little pecuniary assistance. Becky, roused by the green-eyed monster, sallied forth (having first fortified herself with a few bumpers extra) in search of this audacious she, and meeting her at a Lady's house in Park-street, addressed the unfortunate rival in the following manner: "So, Madam, I have caught you at last, have I! You are the impudent — that wrote to my Lord. I think as how, madam, you might have known better, as I and my Lord have been contracted above a year, and I answers all his Lordship's letters." At this the whole company burst into a violent fit of laughter, which Becky resenting, she staggered to her carriage, and ordered the man to drive to Mrs. W——n's.

Read 1877—and compare!

Ghost.

#### AN ODE TO 1877.

I.	V.
Hence! fearful Seventy-seven! Fraught with the wrath of Heaven! A year of misery, crime, and blood!	Look to France, still in its throes, Dreading herself more than her foes, Clinging to shadows, not to substance.
II.	VI.
But who must bear the blame? Those countries with the greatest name, Those having power and station.	And England, with so much to lose, Serenely following her nose, No policy has she to stand on.
III.	VII.
Who made a ring for savage men, By use of diplomatic pen— Something at Tattersall's to bet on.	Oh! why, then, will you not agree, You glorious, great, ignoble Three, To staunch this useless bloodshed?
IV.	VIII.
See the elated Prussian horde, With its scarcely sheathed sword, Still menacing the shrinking peace.	Why not, then, let a peace be made, Or fight yourselves, if not afraid? For—to this at last it must come.

IX.

Your cowardice or selfish pride  
The gates of war have opened wide:  
Let the New Year quickly close them.

BREWELL.

## OPERA IN FRANCE AND NORTH GERMANY.

Reminiscences of 1873.

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 861.)

The Opernhaus of Berlin is situated in the Linden-Strasse, which is the principal street of the city. The exterior, covered with stucco, is imposing only from its size, and from the fine Corinthian portico which adorns the front. This portico, like the one at Covent Garden, is merely an ornament, and of no real utility, as the theatre is approached from underneath. The present house was built to replace the original one, destroyed by fire in 1843. There is no *foyer*, or saloon, and the staircases, entrance-hall, &c., are of the plainest description, being entirely lined with painted wood, the effect of which is the reverse of handsome, although it at least serves by contrast to set off the house itself, which is most splendid. The auditorium is very large, and is admirably adapted, for seeing and hearing. The parquet or pit forms an inclined plane, each row of seats being slightly raised above the one in front, so that the occupants have all a clear view of the stage. Above this are four tiers, with, as usual, a large Royal box in the centre, and the balcony or first circle is enclosed by another of private boxes. The three upper circles are mere open galleries. The house will hold, when full, about eighteen hundred people, a number by no means corresponding to its size, which is immense, being apparently equal in depth, if not in height, to the great theatres of Milan and Naples, as well as to our Covent Garden. The proscenium is brought unusually forward, and combined with the comparative want of altitude, in proportion at least to its length, presents perhaps a heavy appearance; but the entire decorations, in white, gold, and cream-colour—relieved in the proscenium itself by paintings in oil, of classical subjects, executed with more than ordinary merit—against a deep crimson background—are of unexampled richness. Altogether there is a magnificence united to a look of thorough comfort in the whole aspect of the opera-house at Berlin which is more frequently found to be the exception than the rule in Continental theatres. The acoustics of the house are irreplicable; the ventilation much less so, for on crowded nights the heat is almost unbearable. The stage is very large, and perfectly adapted for those scenic effects in which the Berlin opera can hold its own against any house in Europe. The scene-painting is carried on in a separate building, at some distance, where also the scenery not in immediate use is kept, and thus one source of danger from fire is as much as possible obviated. Within the last two weeks have been given the operas *Der Wasserträger* (Cherubini), *Robert der Teufel* (Meyerbeer), *Der Troubadour* (Verdi), *Die Judin* (Halévy), *Lohengrin* (Wagner), *Joseph* (Méhul), *Czar und Zimmermann* (Lortzing), and *Tannhäuser* (Wagner).

Cherubini, according to his biographers, was born in Florence, about the year 1760, and survived to a very advanced age in Paris, where he died in March 1842. His remains were, however, carried back to his native city, and interred in the Church of Santa Croce, a distinction shared with such men as Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, and others, which, together with the fine monument erected to his memory, sufficiently testifies to the estimation in which he was held by his countrymen. Cherubini was not, however, like his contemporaries, Paesello, Guglielmi, and Cimarosa, content to illustrate Italian music in his native land, but emigrated, when still very young, to Paris, for which city he composed the majority of his operas, besides an immense variety of masses, overtures, and other incidental and detached pieces. He was also well known in London, where he wrote more than one opera for the original Italian theatre. Cherubini was, in all probability, one of that brilliant circle which the authoress of *Evelina* describes as assembling night after night round the tea-table of her father, Dr. Burney's dingy drawing room in St. Martin's Lane, where such celebrities as the Garricks, Johnson, Reynolds, Gabrielli, all, in short, most distinguished in the world of literature, art and fashion, deemed it an honour to be seen. High as this composer then stood, his day has long since waned, and though his name is now always mentioned with respect, the bulk of his compositions, like those of many other musicians of the time, are now forgotten. Yet

in England some of his overtures—for instance, *Anacreon*, *Lodoiska*, and *Faniska*—may still be heard in concert-rooms, whilst his setting of the terrible story of "Medea," after having been rejected during a long series of years by lyric tragediennes, owing to the arduous nature of the music, was resuscitated in 1865 by Tietjens, who, triumphantly attesting the possibility of singing it, thus gave new vigour and popularity to the grand old work.

*Der Wasserträger* (The Watercarrier) is the German title of *Les Deux Journées*, a comic opera produced at the Théâtre Feydeau in Paris, during the first year of the present century. Under the Italian synonym of *I Due Giornati*, it was adapted by Sir Michael Costa for representation in London last year, and the audience who then assembled to discover whether the deceased composer was as great in comic as in tragic opera, can testify to the justice done to him by such artists as Tietjens, Marie Roze, Vizzani, Rinaldini, Foli, and last, but by no means least, Agnesi, as well as to the thorough freshness and geniality of the music. But whether from the ever-increasing love of spectacle, or from some other reason, English audiences have not, in the present generation, taken kindly to any novelty in the way of comic opera. The *Figlia del Reggimento* of Donizetti, produced in 1847 for Jenny Lind, then in the first bloom of her popularity, was the last work of the kind which succeeded in establishing itself in London. All subsequent attempts have been so many failures. Alary's *Le Tre Nozze* in 1851, despite the humour of Lahlache, and the delicate vocalization of Sontag, failed utterly, and in itself did not deserve to succeed. A better fate was merited, but not obtained, for a far superior work, the *Falstaff* of Nicolai, produced by Mr. Mapleson in 1864, with that musical care and completeness which have at all times distinguished his managerial efforts. Nor are *Dinorah* and *Fra Diavolo* exceptions to the rule; since the former, though written for the operacomique, is not a comic, but a romantic opera; whilst an English version of the latter had rendered every note of it familiar long before the opera was transferred in its Italian form to the boards of the Lyceum and Covent Garden.

Lastly, *I Due Giornati*, although heartily enjoyed on its one performance, never obtained a second hearing. At Berlin, on the other hand, it occupies an accepted position in the stock repertory of the Opernhaus. The story is as follows:—A certain French nobleman, Count Armand, is compelled to flee from Cardinal Mazarin, who has offered a large reward for his capture. He takes refuge, with his wife Constanza, in the house of Micheli, a watercarrier. Micheli disguises the latter in the clothes of his sister Marcellina, by which means she contrives to pass the barriers. Armand is conveyed across them in Micheli's water-cask. In the last act we find him concealed in the hollow trunk of a tree, where the soldiers of the guard discover, and are about to shoot him, when Micheli opportunely arrives with a royal pardon, and all ends happily. To specify any particular numbers of this truly charming little opera would be almost superfluous, seeing that its progress is marked by an unbroken stream of melody; but, as instances, may perhaps be given the song of the watercarrier in the first act, the finale of the second, with its concluding soldiers' march, the introduction to, and indeed the entire third act. The performance, though by no means equal to last year's Italian one in London, was, on the whole, excellent. None of the leading singers of the theatre were included, but the cast comprised Frauleins Lehman, Lorina, Herren Woworsth, Krolop, Barth, all of whom sang well and acted better. Herr Krolop, who represented Micheli, was especially good, and gave his song, *Ha, segne Gott! mein Lestreiben*, with great point and genuine expression. The fun of Armand's escapades was, to a stranger, considerably heightened by the phlegmatic manner, probably unintentional, in which the guard set about his capture in the various scenes. It may not be uninteresting to state here that M. Bouilly, who wrote the story of *Fidelio*,\* also contributed the book of *Les Deux Journées*.

(To be continued.)

HAMBURG.—Heinrich Hofmann's opera, *Arnim*, will be produced at the Stadttheater.

\* The *Leonore* of Puer.—D. P.

## BEETHOVEN AT GNEIXENDORF.

Some particulars of Beethoven's life during his last autumn (1826) have lately reached me from Germany which seem at once trustworthy and interesting enough to be worth preserving. They are not so new as could be wished, for the periodical in which they are found dates as far back as March, 1862,\* but they will certainly be new to most English readers. It may be objected that they do not present Beethoven in a dignified or agreeable light; but to me, personally, this is no valid objection. When a man has reached the very lofty position that Beethoven occupies, his greatness is so assured that every fact of his life or trait of his habits only goes to make up the total impression, and can never in any way detract from it. The swamps on the lower slopes of Mont Blanc are as much a part of the mountain as the Aiguille de Droz or the Dôme de Gouté; it does not interfere with our admiration of a giant oak to know that there are roughnesses and contortions in its bark or ungraceful twigs among its branches.

Gneixendorf is a village near Krems, on the Danube, about fifty miles west of Vienna. "The name," says Beethoven in one of his last letters, "is something like the breaking of an axle-tree." Here his brother Johann, once a druggist in Vienna, had settled on his own property, that which gave occasion to Beethoven's famous joke. A property is *Gut* in German, and a landed proprietor a *Gutsbesitzer*. Johann Beethoven, having acquired his property, not unnaturally felt proud of his solid position; and perhaps on that account, or perhaps falling in with the fashion of the day, had the word *Gutsbesitzer* engraved on his card. Calling on his great brother on some *jour de fête*, he left the card, which Ludwig immediately returned, with the words, *Ludwig van Beethoven, Hirnbesitzer*, "brain proprietor," on the back. It was one of the rough jokes which he was never tired of launching at his friends.

But to get back to Gneixendorf. The party in the house must have been an ill-assorted one. There was the *Herr Gutsbesitzer* himself, well meaning but pompous and stupid, "a self-made man with a vast respect for the author of his existence"; his wife—of whom the less said the better; the nephew, Carl, son of the third brother, and source of so many of Beethoven's ills; and in the midst of them all, the great composer, deaf, untidy, unrepresentable, setting every household rule and household propriety at defiance, by turns entirely absorbed and pertinaciously boisterous, exploding in rough jokes and horse laughter, or bursting into sudden fury at some absolute misconception. Such a group had few elements of pleasure or permanence in it.

The Beethovens seem really to have wished to make their brother comfortable. He arrived in the beginning of August, and stayed till the end of November. A servant was at once allotted him, Michael Krenn by name, son of the vine-dresser of the farm, and it is he who tells us these details. His room was apart from the rest, but breakfast, dinner, and supper were taken with the family. Breakfast was at 7:30, dinner at 12:30, and supper at 7:30 p.m. Beethoven was always an early riser, but he was hard to wake, and Krenn had often to thump at the door for long before he could make himself heard. By half-past five, however, he was sure to be at his table at work, writing, singing, humming, roaring, beating time with hands and feet, all at once. It was the cook's place to make the bed, but when she heard and saw this strange behaviour she burst out laughing. Beethoven happened to look round, and seeing her, drove her out of the door with fury. Michael was for running out too, but Beethoven pulled him back, gave him three *zucansiger*, and told him not to be alarmed, but that the cook must not come back, and in future he must make the bed and tidy up the room. After breakfast Beethoven went out—he always loved the air—and would lounge about the fields, singing and roaring, throwing his hands about, now going very slowly, then very fast, and then suddenly standing still and writing in a kind of pocket-book. On one occasion he lost the book, and then it was, "Run, Michael, run, and hunt for my book, it must be found at any cost." And found it was. After dinner he would go into his own room till 3 or 4, and then again into the fields till supper. After supper he wrote again till 10, and then to bed. Sometimes he would play the piano, which was in the saloon; and, remembering how completely deaf he was by this time, we may suppose the sound was not an agreeable addition to such a family circle.

\* *Deutsche Musikzeitung*, Vienna, 8th March, 1862. † Douglas Jerrold.

The servants on the farm looked with wonder on this strange being, thought him bewitched, and got out of his way when they saw him coming. But they soon found that he was harmless, and often so completely lost in thought as not to notice their bows and scrapes when they crossed his path. One of the peasants was bringing a couple of young unbroken steers from the kiln to the house, when Beethoven appeared in the distance, coming towards him, and, as usual, waving his hands, throwing his head about, and hollering out. As he neared them the peasant called out, "A bissl stada"—Viennese for "Quiet, can't you?" But no manner of notice was taken. Then the steers turned tail and went over a sunk fence. The peasant followed, and, after infinite trouble, got them back and into the track again. By this time Beethoven had been up to the kiln, and was on his road back, still shrieking and gesticulating as before. Again the unfortunate lout lifted up his voice, but again with no effect; and once more the beasts went off, tail in air, this time in the direction of the house, where they were caught. When the peasant reached the house he asked, not unnaturally with some asperity, "Who is that fool who frightened my oxen?" "Master's brother," was the answer. To which the rejoinder, "A nice brother he must be!" was not altogether inappropriate when looked at from a peasant's point of view.

If howling and stamping about were all that Beethoven had done, peace would probably not have been broken; but he could not forget that he was in another person's house, and not master. On one occasion Krenn was sent by Mdmé Johann to a neighbouring town with five florins, for which he was to bring home fish and wine. Michael, however, was careless, lost his head, and came back at dinner-time without either money or goods, and in a complete muddle. When the mistress of the house found what had happened, she was pardonably furious, and gave the offending Michael swift dismissal. Dinner-time arrived, and with it Beethoven. Not seeing his servant, he asked for him, and was told what had happened. Then his wrath arose; he forced five florins on his sister-in-law, and insisted on the servant being at once taken back. Nay, more, this was his last appearance at table, for, from that time forward, he insisted on taking every meal in his own room. Indeed, for a long time before this it had been almost open war, and but few words had passed between any of them. He retained all his old imperiousness, and—unless Michael's memory is bad—was, we are sorry to say, not above laying little traps to catch a possible thief. Since the cook was chassed, it was Krenn's business to sweep the room. One morning he found some money on the floor. He took it to Beethoven, who made him point out exactly the spot where it was found, and then gave it him as a reward. The same thing happened two or three times in succession, and then suddenly left off, and never occurred again—Beethoven having doubtless by these experiments discovered that Michael was a man to be trusted. After this he made Krenn sit with him in the evenings, and talked to him, Krenn answering in writing. His questions were usually as to what had been said about him at dinner and supper.

It is easy to imagine that the appearance of the great composer must have been very odd, but we are hardly prepared for the want of distinction in his face implied in the two following stories. One day his brother and he and several others went from the farm to a village a few miles off, to call on a well-known surgeon named Karrer. Karrer was out, but his wife was at home, and flattered by the visit of so great a personage as the *Gutsbesitzer*, she served them a fine repast, to which full justice was done. While they were at table she noticed that one of the party had thrown himself down on the bench by the stove, and was sitting quite still and quiet. Supposing him to be a servant, she filled a mug with wine and handed it to him, saying as she did so (with the pronoun *Er*, used to inferiors), "There, take a drink." Late in the evening Karrer returned, and his anxiety was great as to the man who had sat so quietly by the stove. "Bless the woman," said he, "to have had the greatest composer of the century in the house, and treat him no better than that!"

Another time he accompanied Johann to Langenlois on some law business which had to be transacted with the Syndic. The interview was a long one, and while the *Gutsbesitzer* was indoors the *Hirnbesitzer* leaned against the doorpost, and probably thought



over his Quartet\* in F, and the momentous question, "Must it be?" "It must be," or the new† Finale to the Quartet in B flat. The business done, the Syndic and his clerk came out to see the party off. The Syndic knew Beethoven, and made him many bows, and after they were off he said to his clerk, "Who do you suppose that was standing in the doorway when we came out?" The clerk, Fux by name, was a musician, and particularly fond of Beethoven's music. He had not an idea. Poor clerk! "You were so civil to him that I suppose he was some one whom you care about, else I should have taken him for an idiot." Poor Fux! It is not difficult to imagine his mortification when he heard who he had thus mistaken, or to sympathize with it.

Dec. 31, 1877.

GEORGE GROVE.

## IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSION.



I was tired of serving out ribbons, laces, flannels, and calicoes behind the shop counter of Messrs Grasp & Gasp; my soul yearned for nobler deeds, and my pockets yawned for a weightier honorarium. My dissatisfaction with my worldly condition was no secret; oft-times had I hinted at an impending change to my fellow-counterpart, Jack Frump, and divers were the grins which greeted me by way of a response. Jack Frump was what they call a funny man. I hate funny men. All people do who have to put up with their funniness, and assume the tame relative position of the boot to the blacking. But to proceed.

I went one night to the Ballad Concerts, and heard Reeves, Santley, Lloyd, and a host of other celebrities. They sang divinely, one and all, and it seemed the easiest thing in the world for them to troll forth a stirring song or sentimental plaint. In the result I was inspired with an idea—why should I not sing? Why not gain, as the remuneration for delivering a couple of ballads, as much as I received from Grasp & Gasp for a year's toil? Why, my year's wages only amounted to — No matter; even the lowliest may have his proper feelings of pride. I communicated my grand idea—nay, my glorious resolution—in the dead of night, to Jack Frump. I regret to say that he received it with derision.

"Can you sing?" said he. "I believe so," I rejoined; "but I have never tried yet." "Have you got a voice?" he asked.

On this point I was uncertain, and an attempt to sing a scale did not tend to reassure me. But I was determined, all drawbacks notwithstanding, to become a celebrity, and so I set to work at once to build up my fame, after metaphorically removing from my shoes (it so chanced that I wore boots) the dust of the linen-draper establishment of Messrs G. & G.

\* Dated "Gneixendorf, 30th October, 1826."

† Written to replace the enormously long Fugue which originally terminated the B flat Quartet, and dated "Nov., 1826."

I had no credentials?

No!

Credentials were necessary, because it was imperative that the public should believe in me at least as much as I believed in myself. So I set to work to make them. I am, at the present date, open to acknowledge that this proceeding was not strictly regular—was not, in fact, what some sticklers for moral purity would term exactly honourable or honest; but at that time I excused myself in a variety of ways. For instance, I drew up a poster, which was to herald my advent at the Noman's Street Hall, and announced myself as "THE NOTORIOUS ASS." The notoriety, I need hardly say, was (to use the language of Hamlet) "in my mind's eye, Horatio." But I knew it *must* come, and I was thus only preparing for the inevitable.

It must be admitted that those criticisms, those eulogistic comments upon my vocal efforts, were not absolutely genuine; nor had they, as a matter of fact, appeared in the journals from which they were apparently culled. But what of that! How could the critics of the *Standfast*, the *Daily Telephone*, and the *Daily Snooze* possibly have written about me, when they had never had the chance of hearing my performances? In my mind there did not exist a shadow of a doubt that these gentlemen would have said precisely what I quoted, had the opportunity offered. And surely I was not to blame for simply taking time by the forelock. The booking was tremendous; more than half of the tickets were sold a couple of days after the announcement of "the first appearance in London of THE NOTORIOUS ASS." Everything boded well for an emphatic success.

Then came another grand idea:—sandwich-men to perambulate Oxford Street and Regent Street with boards simply bearing the words "THE NOTORIOUS ASS," at Noman's Street Hall; come early." I called upon Jack Frump, and he fully endorsed my good opinion of this scheme. What an unfortunate thing it is that some people are so addicted to practical joking. And what a sin that this failing was inordinately developed in Jack Frump!

The night of the concert arrived; there was a crowded and an expectant audience, and cries for Smiffkins, the notorious, re-echoed through the room. All smiles and shirtfront I bounded gracefully up the platform steps. The conduct of the audience was not what I expected—it was not so conciliatory as I had anticipated. Nor was it courteous, or even decent. I did not get beyond the first word of my song before the uproar completely drowned me. All the visitors were laughing as heartily as they could; some, tired of cacehination, thrust fingers into their mouths and whistled; others roared out, "Write him down an ass!"—"Bravo, Mr Notorious!"—"Go it, Noddy!"—and sentiments of a similarly incomprehensible nature. Other more sportive wights took to extreme measures. The first only rolled up his programme and saluted me. But, as ill luck had it, another had been regaling himself with ginger beer. The bottle fell to my share. With humiliation, I confess that I did not sing my song, but retired somewhat hastily—as the war correspondents would say, made a strategic movement to the rear.

In the artists' room was Jack Frump. "Hello!" said he; "what the Dickens" (he didn't use that form of expression—but no matter) "have you been up to? Look here!" With that he showed me one of my own posters. I looked, and was horrorstruck to read: "First appearance of THE NOTORIOUS ASS." Oh! those fatal capitals! Why did I not foresee how easy it was to paste a piece of paper over the initial and leave the awful word in all its unmistakable asinine significance. Frump had done it, of course, and had paid my sandwich men a double fee to hold their tongues. No wonder that the tickets went off so rapidly. I have not spoken to Jack Frump since. And I am still on the look-out for a profession. Singing does not suit; and I don't altogether care to face the public again. But it was mean of Grasp & Gasp to refuse to take me on again at the old terms. So here I am, still "The notorious ass," and, what is worse, "out of collar."

Should the charitable feel inclined to assist, stamps, bank-notes, and diamond rings will be duly acknowledged by the Editor of this Journal.

NAYR L. D.

[No, they won't.—D. P.]

## JANUARY.\*

The old year has departed,  
Another draweth near;  
With joy we haste to welcome,  
The first month of the year.  
The old year has departed,  
And now we toll his knell;  
Let sorrow all go with him,  
And thus we say farewell.

Unknown the year's mission,  
It may be joy or woe;  
The future course is shrouded—  
'Tis best we should not know  
But as he comes a stranger,  
With hospitable cheer,  
We'll sing glad songs of welcome  
This first month of the year.

\* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.



In Purgatory.



G. G. (screaming, from above).—I wish Arthur would finish his "D"! How will he ever get out of Purgatory?  
 A. S. S. (non-screaming, from midday).—How the deuce can I, with all this row going on? I shall never get out of Purgatory!

## Musical World Ballads.

(By our Special Cockney.)

No. VII.

Them Konsurts Agin.

U rekollex 'ow hi did go  
By rale 2 Vinsur town,  
& 'ow, ven there, my dooty 'twas  
2 nock a Bobby down.

For that he did presoom 2 say  
i shoodn't e the Kveen,  
2 ax that Ryal Pursun's gray-  
shus patronidge e-reen

along ov Wagginer's Konsurts grand  
In Halbut's nobul 'All,  
Vich hun-2, ven the Kveen duz go,  
She droves both grate & small.

Ha! stoopid kove, that hi fired hup!  
i shood 'ave better nown.  
Bekos i black'd that Bobby's hi  
i've 'ad 2 vipe my hown.

For, wot d'yer think? the Peeler base  
'e ears ov hall v sed,  
& strate a surkumventin' thote  
It henters 'is punch'd 'ed.

"O ho!" ses 'e, "i smells a rat,  
This 'ere is Bizmark's game;  
But 40 Hex vill hup & save  
'Is nobul Kveen from shame."

So koff 'e go's in huneform  
Un-2 the Treazuree,  
& vispers 2 the Porter bland,  
"The 1st Lord i vood c."

But that offishul stood agast  
& stared, my hi!, 'ow 'ard.  
"Ho, 40, u've mistook," he kryes,  
"This 'ere haint Scotland's Yard,

"Nor, likewise, his it Kolney's 'Atch,  
i he'en makes bold to think,  
As 'Anwell stans sum miles away—  
—U've had 2 much 2 drink."

Ses Bobby, "Don't hinsult the Force,  
But do wot u r told,  
And 2 'is lordship i'll b-tray  
Wot's wurth its vait in gold."

Jes then 'is lordship 'e kum hout,  
& ses, "It seems 2 me,  
My hexlent frens, that there r pints  
On vich u don't agree."

That hartful Peeler hup & spoke,  
"My lord, 'God save the Kveen,  
2 'elp do that is vy i'm 'ere."  
Ses Beck'nsfeeld, "Wot d'yer mean?"

"i means jes this, my lord," ses Hex,  
"A plot ov hannerashun  
In Wagginer's Konsurts his rapt hup,  
& v must save the nashun."

Lord Beck'nsfeeld 'e roll'd 'is hi's  
& gasp'd & gasp'd agin,  
Then c'ad the Peeler by the harm  
& kvickly run 'im hin.

Wot that 1st Lord 'eerd furthermore  
i don't pretend 2 say,  
But hall the Privy Kounsul vent  
2 Vinsur that same day.

& Harthur Elps was arsked 2 tell  
Hour Lady that they'd kum;  
D'yer think she hin a passhun floo?  
No; honly sed "That's rum."

& soon around the Kounsul bord  
The Kveen & hall wos sat;  
"Now then," x-claims the Ryal lips,  
"Say wot yer drivin' hat."

"2 Wagginer's Konsurts pray don't go,  
'Av bizness hin the 'Ighlands,  
For they r part of a deep plot  
2 Jarmunize these hilands."

'Twas so the 1st Lord boldly spoke,  
& then Lord Darbee sed,  
"I've got a name for kawshun &  
i honly shakes my 'ed."

But brave Lord Salsbry 'e x-claimed  
"At Bizmark hi can skoff,  
For hon a big map Berlin his  
A preshus long vay hoff."

Ses Mister +, "i'm most konsarned  
2 think wot v shall do  
Hif Wagginer's moosic gets in vogue:  
Our 'sylums r so few."

Then Mister 'Ardy 'e looks glum,  
& kryes, "i 'ave my feers  
The Jarmun stuff vill rooin kvite  
The 'British Grannydeers."

But hup spoke jolly hold Ward 'Unt,  
"Them Wagginer's vurks, 'od rot um!  
If sent for in a hyern-clad  
They'r suwe 2 find the bottum."

& Lord John Manners 'e lisp'd hout,  
i 'ints vith no servility  
That them same vurks r much admired  
By Jarmun 'igh nobility."

"Vell, wot o' that?" says Chanslur Kairns,  
"Give me a Hirish hair;  
For hall yer Nibbylungs & things  
A rap hi do not care."

Then Grashus Majustee x-claimed,  
"Me Lords and gentimen troo,  
A tuching tail ov luv it wos  
As kick'd hup this adoo.

"For Wagginer's haygent luv's 'is made,  
& can't ved vithout rhino;  
Veerby these konsurts must suckseed,  
Or there'll b such a shine o!"

"But hif there's danger 2 the Stait  
& this is Bismark's kunnin',  
Vith no sich konsurts v'll konsurt,  
X-kewz us hif v're punnin'.

"Hour visdum thus vill manidge hit;  
V'll send our heldest boy:  
'E don't like moosic, and that's vy  
V're sure v vish 'im joy."

Then hall the Kounsul hon their neez  
Give thanks—'twas so affectin'—  
& Lord B. ses "That 40 Hex  
Shall spend 'is days inspektin'."

So Grashus Maj'stee didn't go  
Un2 the konsurts grand,  
& ven i'd pade the kots & charge  
i'd jest 1 bob in 'and.

The pretty 'ousemade & myself  
Our teers v minguld free,  
For on 1 bob, as u'll allow,  
V kood not vedded b.

Ses I, "My darlin', 'ere's a go!  
Now what do u suggist?"  
Ses she, "2 Jarm'ny i'd go back  
If twarn't for Habby List."

Then Wagginer 'e steps hin hisself,  
& ses, "But hi hengages  
If u the Habby's noise vill stand,  
2 helewate yer vages."

So back 2 Jarmuny she's gorn;  
My luv she'll never flout,  
Vile hi in Hingland vait and vatch  
2 pay that Bobby hout." J. B.

The Petticoat Pianists across Rhine bon Miloh.



Shade of Marie Pleyel.—Est ce qu'on pianote comme ça depuis ma mort ? Franz !—Franz !—que me veux tu ? Tu es le vrai coupable. Pauvre, pauvre Franz !



## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

**TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78**

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

### THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 7, 1878.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

First Appearance of Mlle Marie Krebs.

#### Programme.

##### PART I.

QUARTET, in A major, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mlle NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI ... *Mozart.*  
SONG, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD ... *Clay.*  
ITALIAN CONCERTO, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS ... *Bach.*

##### PART II.

SONATA, in A major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI ... *Boccherini.*  
SONG, "The distant shore"—Mr EDWARD LLOYD ... *Sullivan.*  
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, Mlle NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*  
Conductor ... Mr ZERBINI.

### THE SEVENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 12, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### Programme.

DIVERTIMENTO, in F, for two violins, viola, two horns, and violoncello (first time at these Concerts)—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, WENDTLAND, STANDEN, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*  
SONG, "The Fate of a Rose"—Mr SANTLEY ... *Smart.*  
SONATA, in A flat, Op. 26 (with Funeral March), for Pianoforte alone (by desire)—Mlle MARIE KREBS ... *Beethoven.*  
SONG, "Nasce al bosco"—Mr SANTLEY ... *Handel.*  
QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... *Schumann.*  
Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 23, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prosser & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co's, 50, New Bond Street.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive twenty pages extra.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POUNDMASTER HUBERT.—Received, with thanks, and inserted with care.

POLKAW.—All right. New poems will appear in due order. Read Crabbe, Glover's *Leonidas*, and *The Splendid Shilling* by Phillips. Also read, in this day's *Musical World*, "Them Konsurts agin," and "A Distracted Poet," and observe what "J. B." and "F. C. B." are made of.

#### DEATH.

On the 29th December, at 37, Golden Square, of bronchitis and congestion of the lungs, Miss EMILIE GANZ, eldest surviving daughter of the Hofkapellmeister Adolph Ganz, aged 48. Deeply lamented by her sorrowing brother and sisters.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

### Unity in Discrepancy.

FABULOUS philosophy teaches that a community, like a bundle of sticks, is stronger for being bound together; and first thought suggests that in music, similarly, one-fold accent of many parts is the means of greatest force. It has been supposed also that singleness of system throughout an educational establishment is requisite to secure highest advantage to students. Hear another side of the question, perhaps fabulous, possibly philosophical, but the result of much thinking and some experience. The pressure of the binding crushes the life out of each stick in the bundle, which, left to itself, would put forth sprays and twigs and other surest vital tokens; and, if freely linked to its fellows with space for expansion but certainty of connexion, every individual staff enforces the commonwealth by asserting its own power. In music, florid Counterpoint is beyond measure more forcible than fullest harmony of note against note; variety of melodic motion aggrandizes the power of the whole, quite as much as it animates every separate part and swells its independent interest; listen, for proof, to the Choruses of Handel, which surpass in this matter of strength all other vocal writing, and listen to the Second Parts of Mozart's and Haydn's Symphonies wherein the same quality springs from the same cause. In an Academy, teachers must not be sticks, but living plants. The life-spring of a teacher is conviction. Truth is the central point to which every member must be tethered, the key-stone that supports the arch, the point of sight whence the perspective radiates, the key-note from which and to which harmony and melody tend, the centre of gravity that compels the motions of the universe. Every honest instructor sees truth from his own point of view, and explains it from this aspect to his disciples. Feeling is the confirmation of his knowledge, knowledge is the formulary of his feeling, and the precepts that flow from such a source must be vigorous. Impure they can be—alas!—and unfit for diffusion; but the nicest possible discrimination is needed to perceive evil elements, the nicest possible discretion is needed to declare such perception. It is strangely in opposition to this principle of nature, that there be schools wherein a system and even a method of culture is prescribed, and wherein all the functionaries are required to work mechanically in a groove, which may be smooth enough, and direct enough, and shapely enough to him who chiselled it, but must be angular, deviating, unproportioned to another whose texture and course and figure of thought differ from his. Furthermore, it is fact accredited that some directors of instruction define a list of works of Art, beyond whose limit subaltern teachers are forbidden to choose for the use of their pupils, as though every heart, and every mind, and every voice and every hand were cast in one mould, and the same pattern might be stencilled upon each, that is perchance appropriate to any one of them. Liberty is the most veracious band of connexion; it is the offspring of truth; it authorizes individual thought and action, and it secures the consistency of a community in the union of its discrepant members, for the singleness of good. Truth is the axle of the wheel of education; determined endeavour to reach it is the hoop that unites all the independent rays from the centre.

G. J. M.



## A CENSOR WANTED.

In this language of ours we have a few wise saws, worthy of all acceptance. One of them sets forth that "Fair play is a jewel." Now, dramatists, comedians, and theatres, as against comic song writers, "comiques," and music halls, are not having fair play. One of the blessings of this happy land is a dramatic censorship, which decides what may and may not be said on the stage. All that can endanger the morality of the young, or offend the susceptibilities of mature age is, we wish to believe, sternly forbidden. We refer, with pardonable pride, to the almost sacred functions of our Lord Chamberlain, and Examiner of Plays, and are virtually indignant when misguided people deny their usefulness, comment ironically on their proceedings, and prescribe total abolition of their offices as the cure for eccentricities of administration which, from time to time, affright the theatrical community. It would be something too disquieting to feel that the Chamberlain and Examiner no longer stood sentinel over our morality, like Gog and Magog over the glories of Guildhall, or their "portraits in little" over Sir John Bennett's clock. That ballet skirts should shorten, and bodies diminish to mere waistbands, at the sweet will of the wearers; that modern comedy should be as plentifully interlarded with expletives as in the old days; or that stage dialogue generally should become more free than elegant, would not, perhaps, be altogether desirable.

The two functionaries named are empowered to suppress any verbal excesses, and to shield us from all perils, so far as theatres are concerned, but there does not seem to be quite the same kind of paternal supervision extended to the music halls. What is fair for one should be fair for the other; and a comic singer should no more be permitted to revel in the grossly indelicate than an actor. How the pestilent "comique" is to be restrained is not very clear, but restrained he should be, and that speedily, if his geniality is not to take positively dangerous forms. It is useless to hope that he will voluntarily abandon the racy in favour of the really humorous. He has his "game to make," as he would express it, and must sail as close to the wind as possible. His popularity depends, in a great measure, upon the suggestiveness of his songs; and he artfully stimulates the public appetite with successive doses, each more highly spiced than the last. Why our enterprising friend the "comique"—the apostle of vulgarity and high priest of slang—is thus permitted to work out his degrading mission, no man can say. In the name of all that is consistent, he should be made amenable to rules in force elsewhere, for he can work much mischief in his generation, and, according to present appearances, has no compunction whatever in so doing.

The defenders of the "comique" may urge that he is not half so bad as his predecessor, the comic singer of five-and-twenty years ago, and that his songs, in their comparative purity of thought and diction, are like pieces of refined gold by the side of lumps of lead ore. That may be; but the conditions under which he warbles are entirely altered. The comic singer of the old night houses held forth to men only. He could, and did, habitually venture upon very unseemly language, but those who hung upon his objectionable words were exclusively of his own sex. The comique wears his "rue with a difference." He sings (save the mark!) to women and children as well as to men, and, perforce, admits the necessity of what he calls "wrapping up" his unsavory allusions. Here is a danger, plain and unmistakable. Men who spend their evenings in music halls can take care of themselves, and understand at once the sprightly sallies of the "comique." They see his delicate drift, and have no need to enquire further. The horny-handed one's daughter, sister, or sweetheart is not, however, so enlightened, but perceiving her natural protector's intense enjoyment of the joke, peradventure resolves to discover the merit of it for herself. Herein is her womanly purity imperilled. It is very well to talk of prurient imagination, or to reason on the theory, "To the bad, all things are bad;" but it is lamentable to see young girls and boys, on the borderland of manhood and womanhood, sitting at the feet of presumed comic singers, whose popularity is measured by their capacity for saying strong things and keeping just within the pale of the law. Our friend, the dealer in inferential indelicacies, has had his own way too long. He, and his budget of so-called comicalities need overhauling—in fact, he requires editing badly. Such labour would go far towards tiring a literary Hercules; but, in the interests of the community, something of the kind should be at once commanded and undertaken, for the "comique" does not mend his manners as time goes on.

"Much learning" was assumed by Festus to have overturned St Paul's mental balance; and much comic-song reading would probably induce melancholy madness in the strongest man; but the precious effusions prepared for the "comique" (whose inanities are deplorable enough, but whose veiled impurities are even worse) might, with advantage, be subjected to some kind of censorship. An examiner of comic songs may be altogether an impossible official, but the "comique," who having an inch given him will never hesitate to take an ell, might be warned to avoid excesses, or accept the consequences. In this island of tranquil delights, we do nothing without legislation. We frame laws for everything, especially for the preservation of public morality. If, some fine day, a bold senator were to "move that this house do now adjourn"—to the music hall, and the study of the comic singer, for instance—honourable members might be roused to indignation, and offer him the choice of observing the common proprieties of expression, or immediate removal from the list of public entertainers. We have, over and over again, strained at the theatrical gnat, and swallowed the music hall camel. The wisdom of the proceeding is questionable, to say the least; and if we have, as a people, any character for consistency to law, it is time we set about prescribing a limit to the playful fancy of the "comique."

H. H.

## HALTING VERSES.\*

BY A LAYMAN.

I have stood on the beach, by the lone seashore,  
As a poet should stand;  
I have heard the loud murmur, the wild, dismal roar,  
Of the sea on the strand.

I have said to the waves of the never still sea,  
As they beat on the shore,  
"What is the remark you would make unto me,  
And the reason you roar?"

"Can't you talk, can't you talk? can you do nought but splash,  
Or continue the noise as before?  
Or give an idea, free from watery trash,  
People scribble about the seashore."

But the sea it came up, and the sea it went down,  
And it gurgled, or broke into spray;  
And it wetted my boots and my hair to the roots,  
But never a word did it say.

I went in search of the woodland green,  
Which is always green in song;  
But the colour of the eye of the poet keen  
Paints the objects seen all wrong.

I sought the rough wind in its moanings loud,  
And begged it a tale to disclose;  
But nought did I gain from its sorrow proud,  
Save only a cold in the nose.

Then I strayed over meadows still wet with dew,  
Which gleamed like a rainbow prism;  
But I caught no idea, no thought that was new,  
But I did catch the rheumatism.

As the flocks in their fleecy coats skipped through the meads,  
I longed for a theme for a ballad;  
And I thought just one lamb would suffice for my needs—  
How nice 'twould be, cold, with a salad!

I saw the lark rise from his low-lying bed,  
Heard him pour his sweet hymn to the sky;  
But the only reflection that came in my head  
Was "How good he would be in a pie!"

I have let my hair grow on the Muses' behalf,  
And by turns have invoked the whole Nine;  
My poetical pay on a newspaper staff  
Was twopence three farthings a line.

But with all my desires to kindle the fires,  
I can't find for "silver" a rhyme,  
Nor a reason for gold, and so I make bold  
To abandon the business in time.

For as no new ideas will obey my command,  
Or reward my poetical throes,  
I have given up fagging, or rhyming, or tagging,  
And have, you see, taken to prose.

\* Copyright.

W. A. B.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BEN ZEEN, who is going to enjoy a Floridian winter, drops into poetry as follows:—

O come with me to the flowery land  
Where the 'gator sleeps on the shelly sand,  
Where they raise in winter their garden truck,  
And the orange and palm spring out of the muck,  
Where they harness mosquitoes to pull their ploughs,  
And rattlesnakes draw the milk from the cows.

ACCORDING to the *Cronologia dei Regi Teatri di Milano* (*Chronology of the Theatres Royal, Milan*), compiled by Signor Pompeo Cambiasi, we learn that from the 23rd August to the 8th November, 1823, seven of Rossini's operas: *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Otello*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *L'Inganno felice*, and *Tancredi* were performed at the Teatro alla Scala. Besides the above, Paër's *Agnese*, Trento's *Quanti Casi in un sol Giorno*, and Generali's *Pamela nubile*, were included in the programme of the season. Ten operas in two months and a half is not bad. Italian managers do not exhibit such activity in the present day. (They are wiser in their generation.—D. B.)

THE Theatre of the Paris Conservatory, where the Conservatory Concerts are given, was built in 1806, by the architect, Delanois, over the Gardens of the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs, which, at the commencement of the last century, belonged to the "*Petite maison des champs*" ("Little house in the fields") of the Comte de Charolais, prince of the blood, and great-grandson of the famous Condé. The edifice, unrivalled for its acoustic qualities, contains only 956 places, most of them being occupied by subscribers exceedingly jealous of their privilege. It is stated that, on the decease of one of these favoured individuals, the Committee of the institution received the annexed "*billet de faire part*," or invitation to attend the funeral:—

"M.  
"Vous êtes prié d'assister au service et enterrement de M——,  
qui se feront le . . . à . . . &c.  
"De la part . . . &c.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

"SIR,  
"You are hereby invited to attend the funeral service and interment of M——, which will take place on the . . . at . . . o'clock.

"In the name of . . . &c.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

Beneath was added the following postscript:—

"La famille garde la loge."  
("The family keeps the box.")

In modern pantomime Harlequin's functions are of a subordinate character. His chief duty consists in twirling rapidly across the stage at irregular intervals, and dexterously flagellating any unlucky wight who chances to come within reach of his lathen sword. He seems, however, to have had an illustrious ancestry. According to the elder Disraeli, he was introduced from the Italian pantomime by Rich, who played the part under the assumed name of Lun, and found scope for the exercise of that power of humorous gesticulation he possessed in an eminent degree, and which was the most striking characteristic of Italian pantomime. In 1732 Rich opened Covent Garden Theatre, and Harlequin, therefore, must have had a career of some 140 or 150 years in England. As represented by Rich, he is said to have been capable of conveying ideas by signs as readily as most actors by words.

"When Lun appeared, with matchless art and whim,  
He gave the power of speech to every limb,  
Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,  
And told in frolic gestures what he meant."

That was the opinion of Garrick, who thus laments the decadence of Harlequin:—

"But now the motley coat and sword of wood  
Require a tongue to make them understood."

According to Dr. Clark, the mysterious individual who held high rank on the Italian stage, but who had fallen so low in modern pantomime, is no other than the Mercury of the ancients: his sword a transformation of the *caduceus*, which

transported him from one end of the earth to the other and rendered him invisible; his peculiar head gear being the god's *petasus*, or winged cap. Columbine is Psyche, or the soul; Pantaloon is Charon; Clown being Momus, the buffoon of heaven. Fallen "such a pernicious height," no wonder that the leading characters in London pantomime have become scarcely comprehensible, and that to a large extent they are eclipsed by the easier recognized characters of "Bobby," &c.

## Facsimile Autographs.

No. 1.

This is the 6<sup>th</sup> of  
March 1852 and in  
one hour and quarter I  
shall be conducting the  
first representation of the  
Italian Bride.

No. 2.

I am my dear Davison,  
Your much obliged friend

John Braham

25<sup>th</sup> May  
1852

(To be continued.)

Happy New Year.



A hap-py, hap-py, hap - py, and prosperous new year!

ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

SIGNOR ARDITI left London on Thursday for Madrid to conduct the performances of Italian opera at the "Jovellanos"—as stated last week. The capital of Spain may be congratulated on the temporary possession of one of the most experienced of operatic conductors.

### Pills for Candidates.

Box I.

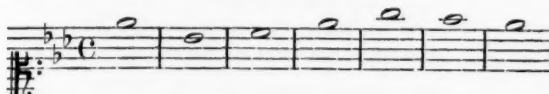
(Prescribed by Dr Macfarren.)

#### EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

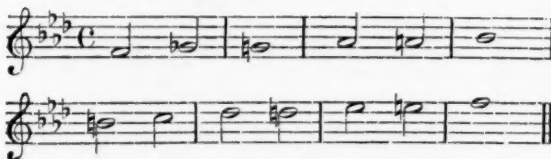
(It is found desirable that every Hatfellow-commoner should know a little of everything, including something about the Moon and something about Music.—D. P.)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1877. 11 A.M. TO 1 P.M.

1. Write counterpoint of the first species, for second soprano (not treble), two altos, two tenors and bass (each in its proper clef), below this subject. The counterpoint to contain no discords, no second inversions of concords, no duplication of the leading-note, and no crossing of parts. Figure the bass.



2. Write harmony for second violin, viola, and violoncello below this first violin part. The chords to consist exclusively of diatonic or chromatic concords or discords in the key of F minor. Figure the bass throughout, and state, by letter under each bass-note, what is the root of the chord.



3. Continue these bars as a perpetual canon for 3 in 1, in the 4th and 8th below, of not less than eight bars within the repeat. Figure the bass throughout.

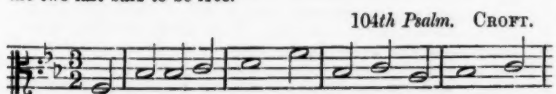


4. Write a double fugue for four voices upon this subject and counter-subject.

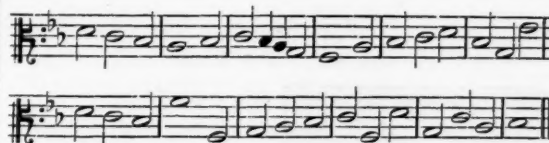


The fugue must be of not less than thirty bars, and must contain examples of stretto at two different points of the subject, and also a dominant pedal. Figure the bass throughout.

5. Write a double counterpoint in the 12th upon this subject, the two last bars to be free.



104th Psalm. CROFT.

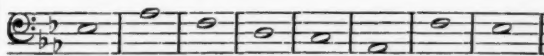


Write the counterpoint and its inversion below and above the subject. Figure the bass throughout, whether it be the counterpoint or the subject.

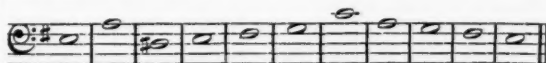
#### EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1877. 11 A.M. TO 1 P.M.

1. Write counterpoint of the first species for two sopranos (not trebles), alto, and tenor, above this subject. The counterpoint to contain no discords, no second inversions of concords, no duplication of the leading-note, and no crossing of parts. Figure the bass.



2. Write counterpoint of the third species for soprano (not treble) and of the fourth species for tenor, above this subject. The two counterpoints and the subject to be sung together. Figure the bass.



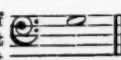
3. State when it is good, in the third species of counterpoint, for the melody to leap the interval of a 3rd from a discord. Write an example of this melodic figure in four crotchets above a semibreve, and another example in four crotchets below a semibreve.

4. State when the interval of a 4th is a discord, and when a concord. Write, in pianoforte score, three different examples of dissonant fourths, with preparation and resolution, in one case the discord to be in an upper part, in two cases the discord to be in the bass. Write also one example of a consonant fourth.

5. State the origin of the sign ♭ for a flat, to what note it was originally applied, and the German and French names for the sign.

6. Add parts for two sopranos (not trebles), alto, and tenor, each in its proper clef, above this bass, according to the figuring. The harmony to contain no crossing of parts, but to have examples of passing notes for one or more of the voices, besides those which occur in the bass.



7. Write the real pitch of  on an open 8 feet organ stop, also on an 8 feet closed pipe, also on a quintaten. State by what means the difference of the three is produced.

Cambridge University.



## An Enigma.

(From our Bayreuth Maniac.)



I had eaten up the pork,  
Half the lean and all the fat,  
Being hungry as a stork,  
And, having lost my hat,  
I went straightway to Cork,  
Where I fell into a vat.  
The brewer said "Who's that?"  
To which I answered, "Pat!"—  
Dye take take me for a flat?"

Said he, "Was this your hat?"  
Which gave me so much pain  
That I jumped into the train  
And went right off to York  
(Instead of going to Leeds,  
Where Allen gives good feeds,  
Just suited to men's needs).  
So York I reached, and there  
I called on the Lord Mayor,  
Who cried, "I do declare  
I've got some juggled hare  
For dinner this same day,  
So lunch with me I pray."  
Said I, "I fear the hare  
Will not at lunch be there;  
I'd rather come to dine;  
I don't care much for chine;

But when a hare's on table,  
Odds rabbits! I am able  
To swallow half a cable  
And masticate a cable.

Sphinx.

## ET CETERAS AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

I have been so taken up with serious subjects, that I have had no time lately to relate the doings at the Salle Monsigny. My last "serious subject" was the body of an elephant. "Stop." You will exclaim, "X. T. R. is out of his senses. What has an elephant to do with music?" The elephant in question belonged to Mr G. Sanger, well known on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, at an establishment where, during the Christmas holidays of our youth, we rejoiced in circus saw-dust and "the merry clown." I said, advisedly, the body of an elephant, for poor "Billy," the leader of the troupe of seven of his species, died here on Saturday last, and his cadavre has been confided to the commissioners of the local museum. We may, therefore, expect that a stuffed representation of "Billy," as he was in the skin, and his skeleton properly arranged for the anatomical department, will thus add fresh interest to the already large collection, which is under the special supervision of Dr Chater. "Billy" was very musical. He turned a barrel organ, played a trumpet, and snorted Do's and Si's (*fa* from discordant). It was "Billy" who pushed an omnibus out of the mire and snow with his head, last year in the York Road, Lambeth. Mr Sanger leaves his animals here for the winter; and so, with 6 elephants, 3 lions, 2 lionesses, 4 tigers, 2 bears, divers birds, and 50 horses, we are, for this Christmas at least, well provided with live stock.

Since I wrote you last about music at the Salle Monsigny, we have had Mdlle Roland, a *première chanteuse* (as Serpolette and Marguerite), and M. Charnod, a barytone. The lady is possessed of an average mezzo-soprano voice, which lacks refinement, but her acting is excellent. M. Charnod's voice is good in its lower register; he uses his falsetto too often, but he acts well.

*La Pêrhole* (on Thursday) was a success—Mdlle Roland and M. Kolletz gaining much applause. They were well supported by MM. Darthenay, Pierdon, Blondeau, and Mmes Darthenay, Warlemont, and — Cherillon. *Les trois Margots* (on Saturday) was also a success. I shall not attempt to describe the plot. It would be impossible to do so without offending your readers, suffice it that reproduction of the species (human), and the non-observance of the Seventh Commandment constitute the plot. The music is light, pretty, but certainly not original. A valse, sang as a 7th, was attractive; also a drinking song, remarkably well rendered by Mdlle Ragani. MM. Vadius and Darthenay were exceedingly comic; but, in spite of his excellent acting, I was disappointed with M. Charnod.

On Sunday, "the gods," who always flock to the theatre on the day of rest, had, if not quality, quantity. The doors opened at 5:15 p.m., with a drama in five acts and eight tableaux, entitled *Maudun*, followed by *Petit Faust* at 10:15 p.m., and the lights were extinguished about 12:45 a.m.

The concert at the Etablissement des Bains, "au profit de la caisse de Retraite de la Compagnie des Sapeurs-Pompiers," went off very well. It was also a financial success, such as so worthy an object

merited. Nearly £100 was realized. The audience was large, and the programme varied. Every one was pleased to listen to the overture of *Les Francs Juges* and the *andante* of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. Mdlle Floriani, "première chanteuse du Théâtre de Drury Lane," who was announced to sing, was prevented by indisposition, and Mdlle Cellini came in haste from Paris to fill her place. This vocalist is well known in Boulogne. Her rendering of "L'air des Bijoux," from Gounod's *Faust*, and an "Ave Maria" by the same composer, gained her much applause and an encore. There was local instrumental talent displayed on the occasion. The flute variations on airs from the *Sonnambula*; those on the violin on *La Juive* and *Martha*; violoncello performances of a Romance by Mendelssohn, &c.; and some clarinet solos, brought out the talent of MM. Parent, Goodoy, Malo, and Lébaillly. M. de Roseaux, in three comic "scènes," elicited applause. M. Brunet ably presided at the pianoforte. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Boxing Day.

## The Distracted Poet.

\*.\* Showing why it couldn't be done.

You asked me to write. I said, "I will."  
I drew from a packet a stately quill,  
I spread the paper, I dipped in the ink,  
I paused for a while, and began to think.  
I looked about, now here, now there,  
For inspiration—everywhere.  
I thought of a story, a rhyme, a name—  
A flash—and the inspiration came!  
I saw my way, I saw the plot,  
Then down my notes I began to jot.  
All the materials came to hand,  
The notion was original, grand!  
Ten editions my tale would *through* go,  
And rival a work by Victor Hugo.  
"Some years ago" (the work commenced  
A serial not to be condensed)—  
"Some years ago there lived in France  
A man, of whom as we advance  
You will know more"—

These words at score,

My pen prophetic wrote *no more*;  
For at that moment there struck up  
An organ; and a luckless pup,  
That's in a stable somewhere by,  
Began to howl, and moan, and cry.  
The organ played *Ah! che la morte*—  
Oh, didn't I say something naughty!  
And when I heard that puppy's howls,  
Poison I wished were in his bow!  
Excuse the language if too strong,  
Excuse the wish if it were wrong,  
But, Editor, you are a poet,  
And what I suffered, well you know it.  
The organ changed to poor "Tom Bowling,"  
And other dogs joined in the howling.  
"Bowling" should be pronounced thus, "Boling,"  
But off the reel these rhymes I'm rolling,  
And so you must not be a stickler  
For trifles; don't be too particular.  
The organ comes here once a week;  
To what policeman can I speak?  
The dog is somewhere, left or right,  
But, anyhow, well out of sight.  
And as his noise is far from cheering,  
He would be better out of hearing.  
He's "out of sight," my house behind,  
And I shall soon be "out of mind."  
Blame not the bard if he must stop,  
And from his hand the goose-quill drop;  
But blame the organ and the dog  
Who keep up this *duet in cog*.  
Oh may that dog go mad and bite  
The organ-man, and serve him right;  
And may the man upon whose grounds  
That dog is kept be fined ten pounds;  
And may all three together go  
To—let us say, to Jericho.  
And when at Jericho they be,  
Then, Sir, you'll hear again from me,  
Who sign myself, yours. f. C. B.

## A CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

## I.

The jocund voice of Christmas-tide,  
Is silent in this lone, strange home ;  
The mildew'd walls reflect no glow  
From crackling Yule-log ; through the gloom  
The taper's light but flickers low ;  
The creaky stair's to footfall dumb.  
No friends with us our meal divide ;  
Empty 's the baby's cot. Ah, woe !  
That our sweet boy should thus have died ;  
And conquering grief hath ta'en the bloom  
From her, so late my radiant bride.  
For feast we've tears that mutual flow,  
Our song is sigh to sigh replied,  
Our guests are shadows from the tomb.

## II.

Old Father Christmas flies the street  
For homes full stor'd with festive fare ;  
Shuts close the door 'gainst shivering cold,  
That wraps me like a winding-sheet ;  
He muffles with the curtain's fold  
Shrill ringing mirth ; each cranny fills  
To keep within the light and heat  
From blazing fire, and laden air  
Of sumptuous odours. No sounds greet  
Me welcome as I pace my way,  
Saving the Christmas chimes so sweet,  
Now pealing from the Minster old ;  
Though bow'd and crush'd 'neath life's harsh ills,  
They bid me join the holiday.

## III.

The hunted wretch, in days of yore,  
Safe sanctuary found within the portal  
Opened wide to me. Far in  
Deep shadows of the aisle I kneel  
Humbly to Him, the great Immortal.  
Now quickening sounds of music steal  
Through wakening arches, and within  
My deaden'd soul work life ; now peal  
And peal in swelling volumes soar,  
Flooding the fabric vast with glory,  
Whilst telling forth the wondrous story,  
Of mercy brought this world of sin.  
As when dense clouds at closing day  
Are cloven by the evening ray,  
And deck'd in every radiant hue ;  
So my despair is pierced through,  
And grief and woe soft glows reveal,  
'Neath heavenly music's potent sway.

Dec. 25, 1877.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

## A WORD FOR THE ORCHESTRA.

(To the Editor of "The Boston Transcript.")

It may be interesting to your readers who take pleasure in the opera in Boston, and who have heard the magnificent renderings of the different rôles by Mme Pappenheim and Mr Adams, during the short season just closed, to become acquainted with the position of the orchestra in regard to opera as it is given in our city. So much has been daily said of the inefficiency of the orchestra,—and in some of the notices it has been stigmatized as careless, incapable, in fact all but disgracing itself,—that probably a few words relating to the subject, from one intimately acquainted with it, may be acceptable. Included amongst the forces gathered together during the past fortnight, where many of our best local instrumentalists, some of whom are prominently known, and all do good service in our concerts, is the whole of the regular Boston Theatre orchestra, acknowledged to rank fairly well with similar organizations. Therefore, the above censures apply to them as well as to the entire operatic orchestra, and whilst I do not seek undue sympathy for the performers, or assert that their performances were up to the right standard, collectively, I desire to say that there are many elements that aid, if they do not actually cause, the mediocre renderings we have lately heard, and which will ever remain until the present system is revolutionized, and we Americans create the supply by making the demand, that we shall have complete opera in this country, and no longer rest satisfied that the glory of the grandest musical representation should be centered in the persons of

one or two singers only. It is certain that few people understand how much is required of the orchestra in the interpretation of its portion of the work, how important its duties are, and how slight the opportunities are for its members to become even moderately acquainted, at the morning's rehearsal, with the opera to be performed at night. The alterations made by each singer, according to his or her ideas, the frequent and sudden transposition of the key at sight, some portions to be left out, etc.; all of which and a great deal more, has to be clutched at, understood, in one short incomplete rehearsal, and, sometimes, *without any rehearsal at all*. If, therefore, opera-goers had a better insight into these matters they might have possibly other words than "careless," "stupid," to apply to the orchestra when it plays too loud, is not well balanced, or seems slow in responding to the conductor's baton. A rehearsal is called and promptly attended, and lasts two or three hours. This meeting involves the *running through* of one, and not unfrequently two, operas. The principal singers are rarely present. The conductor hums through soprano, contralto, tenor and bass songs, recitatives, &c., as best he can, often without the remotest approach to a voice; and from this burlesqued preparation the orchestra has to gather an idea of the requisite light and shade, the reading the artists will give at the evening's performance, when they take all the liberties with *tempo* and expression to which they are undoubtedly entitled. Thus it may be imagined the result is not a little different and the task not an easy one, for the orchestra to follow and accompany them under such circumstances, without seriously marring the effect. The copies are all manuscript, often full of errors and mostly hired from musical libraries from year to year by the different companies travelling; they are replete with pencil marks (each company making its own alterations and failing to erase those previously made) to designate the "cuts" (portions to be omitted); and, as all singers make some deviation from the original score, the almost incomprehensible appearance of the pages, as they have been corrected and re-corrected, presents a view that sometimes baffles the strongest nerve to decide which of the "cuts" holds good as the player comes suddenly upon them, not unfrequently adopting the wrong one, which leaves him little or no chance to think of anything more elevating in his work than keeping on the right track.

The company includes a few (about fifteen) instrumentalists, who form the whole of the orchestra in small towns, and when their numbers are augmented, they are of great service in helping the remainder to pilot their way through the labyrinth of "cuts," &c.; but their aid cannot take the place of complete rehearsals, when the combined forces amount to nearly forty men. Singers study for months the rôles they propose adopting, before appearing on the stage; whereas operatic orchestras (as conducted here) have to appreciate and perform their work with the imperfect preparation I have briefly described, which in reality is no preparation, when the high character of the operas attempted is taken into consideration, and when it is remembered that the instrumentation of modern operas is far more difficult than the vocal portion. Fair and even creditable performances of the easier and more familiar operas, such as *Il Trovatore*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and others, may be obtained with such little preparation; but such a result is absurd to hope for, when *Fidelio*, *Faust*, and *Lohengrin* are grappled with. Then, indeed, the symphonic effect is not—cannot—be reached; and more particularly with Wagner's works, as he no longer uses the instruments as an accompaniment, but brings singers, chorus, and orchestra into such close relationship that all must be equally well up in their respective departments to arrive at the poetry of his conceptions.

I have shown that imperfect rehearsing is one great drawback to even respectable operatic renderings in this city, and how the orchestra is affected by the defective system; let some abler pen point out a remedy for an untuneful chorus, and how to procure one that has an approach to vitality, and we may, perhaps, be nearing the day when opera in all its nobleness and grandeur shall be witnessed on our stage. Why not? Respectfully yours,

C. N. ALLEN.

## IMPROMPTU.

There was a conductor "Randegger,"

A comical, funny old begger!

No encores he'd allow,

But said: "Go, make a bow,

And the public we'll teach," said Randegger!

HENRY GUY.

\*\*\* Pronounce the double G's, in first, second, and fifth lines, *soft*—as *edger*, *badger*.

## LUCCA AT A WIGWAM.

There was a great stir at the Grand Central Hotel yesterday morning when Mdme Pauline Lucca, accompanied by her mother and friends, visited the Indian chiefs. As the mountain could not go to Mohammed, the great one went to the Mountain, and at about a quarter to eleven o'clock Mdme Lucca was introduced to the thirty-three braves. There are two parties. The first, fourteen in number, are in charge of Colonel J. C. O'Connon, Assistant Indian Agent, who has as interpreters Messrs John Bruguier and William Halsey. Mdme Lucca was ushered into the reception room by Mr Crockett, of the Grand Central Hotel, and when her party were seated Major Simmons was introduced. The charming little lady seemed highly delighted with the prospect of seeing the braves, and chatted with the Major in a most animated manner. Mr Henry Jarrett, who was with her, asked if she would be frightened, to which she replied, "I am Queen in *L'Africaine*, and have commanded many savages. Why should I be afraid of these, Jarrett?" When the introductions to the officials accompanying the Chiefs were over, the braves filed quietly into the reception room, and one by one looking at the animated face of the beautiful queen of song, said "How," and shook hands with her. After this they performed the same ceremony with Lucca's mamma and a little daughter of Mr Greey, who seemed to enjoy the "Hows" immensely. Medicine Bear was the first chief introduced, and he seemed quite pleased when the Diva bowed to him in return. Lucca declared that the Indians were char-ming! After every one of them, including Afraid of the Bear, had saluted her, they seated themselves or squatted about the reception room, and then looked at her as much as to say, "Now what are you going to do about it?" They must have been pleased, for two of the biggest warriors made her offerings of grizzly bear claws, which they presented with much gravity, and for which Mdme Lucca thanked them so sweetly that even-reds as they were—they smiled and how'd most warmly. When "Afraid of the Bear," who was a little shy at first, made his appearance, Lucca clapped her hands and cried. "*Nelusko! Très magnifique!*" And indeed Wick-on-Wee's get up was what Mark Twain calls "regardless;" but the most amusing incident was her success in charming one of the braves out of what seemed very much like a "fit of the sulks." Lucca had taken her farewell of the party and was leaving the room when she noticed a chief crouching by the door. He was evidently "ugly" about something, and had covered his nose with his blanket in a most melodramatic fashion. "Ah, here is another!" she cried, holding out her hands and howing in the most approved manner. No notice. "Come! how! Gootby!" "Injun" could not stand this, and dropping his blanket, he laughed, half rose and how'd as though he had never scowled in his life. This evening at five o'clock some of the principal chiefs, in full war paint, will return Lucca's visit. The little lady is delighted with the braves, but says she feels that they might not "how" quite so pleasantly if she met them in any other wigwam than that of the Grand Central.—Dr Chest.

## DEATH IN ABSENCE.

I call for thee in the vale,  
O my vanished love;  
But only the nightingale  
And the tender dove  
Respond to my cry.  
Then I lift my passionate voice on high,  
"O come to me, soul of my soul, or I die;"  
But the bird of love  
And the tender dove  
Mourn on. 'Ah! why?  
  
I call for thee on the hills,  
O my vanished love,  
Till thy name's sweet music fills  
All the air above.  
Does the lark reply  
With a stream of joyous melody?  
"Oh! cease thy cruel song," I sigh.  
But the warbler clear,  
By heaven held dear,  
Sings on. Oh! why?

J. BENNETT.

## A CONUNDRUM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I send you the following musical conundrum as a contribution to your publication:—

*Why should the great musical composers rank as gods?*

Because Haydn set the "Creation" and arranged the "Seasons," Sullivan first noted the "Light of the World," Schumann put all "Paradise and the Peri" in tune, Handel conducted "Israel in Egypt," placed "Samson" in chords, and numbered the "Dead March," while Mendelssohn put "St Paul" between bars, and Spohr timed the "Last Judgment."  
J. B. DROGNEZ.  
East Street, Brighton.

[We are extremely obliged for this conundrum, and recommend it to the attention of Dr. Hueffer, Mr. George Grove, Herr Manns, Mr F. C. Burnand, Professor Huxley, the late Mr Towers, and Mr Sutherland Edwards.—*Theophilus Duer.*]

## To ———.

The dusky strandlines glide away to gloom;  
The cliffs in darkness to black heaven tower;  
The rocks are chained spirit's 'neath a doom,  
Round which the waters weave mesmeric power.  
The day lies dying on the Western wave;  
Scarce heaves the bosom of the quivering deep;  
The stars are shining, each the distant grave  
Of a quenched sun: And all is Death . . . or Sleep!

Cold and damp her hands did stray  
In mine like ghosts of snow;  
Wet, her great wild eyes gaz'd far away,  
As will the last sun in his setting glow.

The moon of winter wearily gleam'd  
On her in mystic light;  
A hopeless spectre of ocean ice, she dream'd  
Dismal of days long dead:—on crawl'd the night.

O'er the white the warpt tones leapt  
In a scared jingling peal,  
Marking the lightless Christmas dawn; she slept,  
And went again with the lantern'd groups to kneel.  
When she woke, the morning sky  
Was like a clear, calm sea;  
A stream of still ripples of snow was drifting high  
To Norgian isles of glitt'ring purity.

Oh Night! thou phantom of some bygone day,  
That's risen from his dark, tremendous tomb  
In mouldering ages and the world's decay;  
Thou fascinating precipice, from whom  
Death's shadow stares me, 'til I seem to hear  
The cloud-clad gnome himself knock at my soul;  
Oh Night! what is it that thou bring'st me near?  
The sounds and sights of life have ceased to toll  
Their rushing peal; art thou a wilderness?  
Void is the darkness into which I strain  
My eyes; my yearning sigh is echoless;  
I stretch my trembling, eager arms in vain,  
My panting bosom feels but the slumb'ring gale.  
Speak thou, bursting stillness; thou dost hide  
Perchance those secrets 'neath the filmy veil  
'Twixt life and death . . . one step now shall decide.

The night broods moodily upon the rustling sea;  
The tide is rising. On the rigid coast  
I dream, one hand in that of Memory,  
The dead past's melancholy, restless ghost;  
The other clasp'd with what? . . . One moment more,  
And then 'twill close on what? . . . Doubly I stand  
On the world's dark brink. . . . The dear familiar roar  
Doth charm my ears. . . . A wave glides on the strand  
Softly and strangely lapping round my feet . . .  
A deep low music's in my heart . . .

The shore  
Is covered, and the billows quietly beat.

Polkato.



## The Telephone.



DR SERPENT.—Well?  
 DR GHOST.—I told you so.  
 DR SERPENT.—I invented it.  
 DR GHOST.—I heard you.  
 DR SERPENT.—Well?  
 DR GHOST.—You'll come to grief. (*Puts ear to telephone.*) Poet Shaver Silver's writing. Listen.

## Poet Shaver's Say of the Telephone.

1. *A new idea, that's passing strange,  
 Inventors just have found;  
 An instrument they now arrange  
 That plays the device with sound.  
 By this contrivance every word  
 Throughout the house at once is heard;  
 From room to room the sound's trans-  
 By this precious Telephone. [ferred.]  
 The Telephone, the Telephone,  
 It tells too much, we all must own;  
 The Telephone, the Telephone,  
 This tell-tale Telephone.*

2. *I went to-day to see a friend  
 Who ne'er abroad does roam;  
 I only had my card to send,  
 I knew he was at home.  
 The footman said, without a doubt,  
 His master somewhere was about:  
 Just then a voice exclaimed, "I'm out!"  
 It was the Telephone.  
 The Telephone, the Telephone, &c.*

3. *The odds last night I tried to get  
 At twenty-five to two;  
 The man with whom I wished to bet  
 Declared it wouldn't do.  
 Such news to him had been despatched,  
 The horse, he swore, could not be  
 matched: [scratched!]  
 Just then a voice exclaimed, "He's  
 It was the Telephone.  
 The Telephone, the Telephone, &c.*

4. *I wished my darling Jane good night,  
 And called her my sweet love;  
 Then suddenly, to our affright,  
 We heard a voice above.  
 The mother said: "How very queer!  
 He calls our Jane 'My love, my dear!'  
 He quite forgets that I can hear;  
 But we've a Telephone."  
 The Telephone, the Telephone,  
 It tells too much, we all must own;  
 The Telephone, the Telephone,  
 This tell-tale Telephone.*

Shaver Silver.

DR GHOST.—You see?

DR SERPENT.—No. I hear!

[They vanish.]

## TWO LADY AMATEURS.

The Academy, in a notice of the first concert given by the Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society (at St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr Mount), has the following:—

"A special attraction of the concert was the really excellent performance of Mozart's concerto (in E flat) for two pianos, by two lady amateurs, Miss Beddome and Miss Ryde, both of whom played in a manner which would have done no discredit to professional artists."

We can well believe this, having good authority for saying that the ladies named above are really accomplished pianists.

## Sciomachy.



Scene—Space—(unseen).

SQUIRE MOON.—Ho!

DR SHADOW.—So!

SQUIRE MOON (*sings*):—*The Shropshire girls,**The Shropshire girls,**Oh! give me, give me Shropshire girls!*DR SHADOW (*sings*):—*D'ye think, if I'd some Shropshire girls,**I'd care a straw for other girls?*

SQUIRE MOON.—Oh! Shrewsbury!

DR SHADOW.—Shrewsbury?

SQUIRE MOON.—Shrewsbury!!

DR SHADOW.—Shrewsbury? Ho!

SQUIRE MOON.—So!

DR SHADOW.—Ho!

[Exeunt severally.]

Theophilus Queer.

NEW YORK.—The twentieth season of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society began on Saturday evening, December 15th, with Beethoven's Symphony No. 5. Mr Richard Hoffman played the first movement of Hummel's Concerto (Op. 85) and some pieces by Chopin. The St Cecilia Vocal Society, under the direction of Mr E. J. Fitzhugh, gave Mr Dudley Buck's "Hymn to Music" and part-songs by Leslie and Blumenthal. Selections from Schumann's *Manfred* and Berlioz' *La Damnation de Faust* were also played by the members of the society, and well received. The *New York Tribune* eulogizes Mr Hoffman's performances, and says that he is "an artist who does beautifully whatever he undertakes; and we listen to him with the calm assurance that whatever the composer may have to tell, Mr Hoffman has intellect to understand and art to interpret."

## THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(From the "Echo.")

The annual Christmas concert by the professional students of the London Academy of Music took place on Friday, Dec. 21, in St George's Hall, and was attended by a large number of persons interested in the success of that useful and flourishing institution. From the list of three hundred students rather more than twenty were selected to testify to the admirable system of instruction adopted at the London Academy of Music, and to exhibit the proficiency which has been attained in various departments of the musical art. The pianists were the most numerous, and displayed their abilities in concertos with orchestral accompaniments, and in solos of a brilliant description. The names of Miss Susan Codd, Miss Kate Griffiths, Miss Chaplin, Miss E. Holland, and Mr Trew are familiar to those who attend the concerts at St George's Hall; and as these pianists have earned at the competitive examinations the distinction of gold medallists, their playing excited considerable interest, and was regarded as a test of successful tuition. The applause which resounded through the hall showed that these five pianists had well earned their honours, and that their performances were of no ordinary kind. The playing of the silver medallists was also favourably noticed, Miss Spall, Miss Lewis, and Miss Okey, in concerted music, and Miss Greenhope in a brilliant solo by Liszt, exhibiting remarkable proficiency.

The vocalists were headed by Miss Elenè Webster (pupil of Signor Traventi), who, though still a student at the Academy, is an acknowledged artist—her singing at the Philharmonic Concerts and at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts of last season having placed her in that envied category. In "Bell raggio" the fine tones of Miss Webster's voice and her admirable style were heard to great advantage, and elicited immense applause. Miss C. Fuller (pupil of Signor Garcia) also sang charmingly the introductory air from *Lucia*, while Miss H. Sinclair (pupil of Signor Lablache), the Misses Marchant, Tiffin, and Pratt (pupils of Signor Schira) did credit to their respective teachers. The clever young violinist, Miss Dunbar Perkins (pupil of Herr Pollitzer), was much applauded for her brilliant performance of Vieuxtemps' "Tarantelle"; and Mr C. Cortie, in a fantasia by Alard, showed himself to be a very expert violinist. Mr H. C. Gough was the only solo violoncellist, but he played so skilfully and in such good style that it was evident the influence of the popular Signor Pezze is felt at the London Academy of Music. Herr Pollitzer and Herr Ludwig were the principal violins in the orchestra, and M. Marlois was the pianoforte accompanist.

## A PROTEST.

(To Dishley Peters, Esq.)

SIR,—May I express my disaccordance with certain occasional remarks of yours!

FLOLL OF THE OUTTISLES.

Certainly.—D. P.

## THE RECORDS OF THE PAST.\*

Only the rustle of faded leaves,  
As I turn the pages o'er  
With trembling hand and a heart that  
grieves  
For what can come back no more!  
Only the visions of long ago,  
That colour my dream to-day—  
The reflex sweet of the sunlight's glow,  
That halo'd the past's bright way!  
Where now the voices that whisper'd  
me  
Of love that would crown all life?  
Grown hoarse and strange with life's  
misery,

\* Copyright.

Old Year's Night, 1877.

Or hush'd 'mid life's litter strife!  
Where the fond eyes that flashed into  
mine,  
Resplendent with joyous mirth?  
Pass'd onward on other eyes to shine,  
Or hidden beneath the earth!  
Only these were yellow leaves remain  
As token of what has been!  
Only these wraiths can e'er come again  
To people life's desert scene!  
But with tender yearning clasp I hold  
The records of vanished love,  
As I feel the rhythms that they enfold  
Shall be yet re-sung Above!

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

MILLE ALBANI has been singing at a concert in Bath, which ends her brilliant though short provincial tour. She is now immediately bound for Paris, where new triumphs await her.

THE *Châlet* is withdrawn from the bills at Her Majesty's Theatre, and "Pongo redivivus" has been added to the attractions of the Fairy ballet. Meanwhile *L'Ombre* of Flotow is anxiously expected.

## CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY AT LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool is evidently one of Carl Rosa's strongholds. He has come back to the Alexandra Theatre, and at once achieved a splendid success with Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. In a lengthy article in the *Liverpool Mercury* (Dec. 31, 1877), we read the following:—

"Novelty of production as well as excellence of representation is a distinguishing feature of Mr Carl Rosa's legitimate and highly successful efforts to establish English opera on something like a permanent and satisfactory basis; and the foundation he has so well laid was greatly strengthened on Saturday evening by the first performance in Liverpool of the lyric version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which, although written nearly thirty years ago, is known here principally by its overture and one or two vocal numbers. Again the Rosa operative forces proved quite equal to the necessities of the novel work, and the result was a triumphant success, in many respects more genuine and significant than that secured by *The Flying Dutchman* last season. An audience which packed the house from floor to ceiling was present on Saturday, and the enthusiasm which greeted every scene of the opera gave full assurance of the musical approval, which will doubtless be endorsed by Londoners, to whom the work will be furnished as the chief novelty in the early part of the coming English opera season at the Adelphi Theatre."

A description of the opera itself (with which our readers are sufficiently acquainted) includes an appropriate compliment to Mr Henry Hersee, who has adapted the libretto to the English stage. "This portion of the work"—says *The Mercury*—"has been done by Mr H. Hersee with an ability and tact which he has shown more than once in connection with similar operatic revivals." The performance throughout is highly praised, Misses Gaylord, Josephine Yorke (the "merry wives"), and Burns (Annie Page), each received well merited encomiums. The Falstaff of Mr Aynsley Cook is extolled to the skies, as "a genuine" impersonation; and "in a different direction"—adds *The Mercury*—"Mr Charles Lyall's Master Slender merits cordial approval as a Shaksperian study of the best school; his 'make-up' was exceedingly effective, and his quietly humorous acting of that sterling stamp not too frequently met with among professed Shaksperian exponents." We can well believe it. Messrs J. W. Turner, Ludwig, Snazelle, H. W. Dodd, Brooklyn, and Beddoes' representations of the remaining characters are all more or less commended; and about the task assigned to the orchestra, our contemporary concludes by saying:—"The fact that it was performed throughout without the slightest perceptible hitch spoke volumes in favour of the band, and the skill of Mr Carl Rosa as a conductor." So that we may look forward with pleasurable expectation to the production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the London Adelphi, next month.

## VICARS, CHURCHWARDENS, AND ORGANISTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Can you inform me if the vicar of a parish church has the sole control of the organ and organist? I have held a post several years with this understanding, but lately the wardens are disputing the vicar's right.—Yours obediently,  
DOUBTFUL.

Jan. 2, 1878.

PRAGUE.—Two of the recent concerts deserve particular mention. One was the concert of the Cechisch Ladies' Society, given for a charitable purpose at the large room of the Sophieninsel, in which three young ladies—Fräulein Ludmila and Hermine (violinists), and Bozena (violoncellist)—distinguished themselves. Fräulein von Ehrenberg, by her brilliant execution of the "Shadow Air" (*Dinorah*), obtained flattering applause; and two harp solos (by Godefroid and Spindler) were admirably played by Mr Jirmus, pupil of Herr Oberthür, in London. The second concert was that of Mr Julius Behr, professor of the horn at the Conservatory of Music, assisted by Mr E. Troll, from Munich, a clarinet player of distinction. Mr Behr's beautiful tone and mastery of his instrument was fully displayed in Beethoven's sonata for horn and piano and in a concerto by Matys; whilst Mr Troll's talent was appreciated in compositions by Bärmann and Reissiger. Fräulein von Ehrenberg gave, in brilliant style, Violetta's aria from the *Traviata* and the "Alary Polka." Mr Jirmus, by his admirable performance of "Le Zephyr," obtained a "re-call," when he gave C. Oberthür's "Cascade." The piano accompanist was Mr Kavan, excepting in the piano part to Beethoven's Horn Sonata, which was entrusted to Frau Sofie von Herget. (And which, by the way, is quite as important as the horn part.—D. P.)

## VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The patrons of the Imperial Operahouse are promised Wagner's *Rheingold* and *Siegfried*, and Gounod's *Cinq-Mars*. Two ballets, *La Source* and *Fandango*, will be added to the repertory. M. Delibes, returned from Paris, has been conducting his *Coppelia* and *Sylvia*. The members of the orchestra have, in the name of the Pension Fund of the Imperial Operahouse, presented him with a laurel wreath, ornamented with ribbons of the national colours, bearing embroidered inscriptions. The Donaubund Vocal Association have presented their Director, Herr Josef Kaulich, Chapelmaster at the Imperial Operahouse, well known as a composer of popular waltzes, with a silver goblet, as a mark of their appreciation of his services. The compliment was paid him on his fiftieth birthday.

## BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Balfe's *Quatre Fils d'Aymon*, under the title of *Die Haimonskinder*, has proved attractive at the Woltersdorff-Theater. After concluding in February his present engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Herr Niemann will fulfil a series of engagements in other parts of Germany. For some time he is bound to sing three or four months every year at the Opera. To celebrate the anniversary of its foundation, the Berlin Wagner Association will give a stage performance of *Robin und Marion*, the oldest known *Singspiel*, or piece with singing, and thus the germ of opera. The work was written, in the 13th century, by Adam de la Hale, and subsequently played in France, as proved by authentic records. The German version is by Herr Rud. Fliege, and the songs accommodated to the actual system of notation by Herr W. Tappert, who also provides accompaniments.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At the third concert of the pupils of the Trinity House, Southwark, held at the Horns, Kennington, on Christmas eve, Mr Ignace Gibsons's new cantata, *The Wood Nymphs*, was given by a choir of sixty female voices, under the direction of Mr Brownlow Baker and Mr Scotson Clark (principal of the London Organ School). The attendance was very numerous, numbering nearly 1,000, and several pieces had to be repeated.

On Friday evening, December 28, a concert was given in Langham Hall in aid of "Trinity Church Restoration Fund." Misses Squire, Amy Matthews, White, Fisher, Messrs Sprague, Benson, Toole, and Morris were the vocalists; Misses Lillie Albrecht, White, Fisher, and Mr Osborne Williams, the pianists. Miss Albrecht received an enthusiastic "call" after her performances of solos by Chopin and Liszt, and in response gave her own arrangement of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," with her valse, "Le réveil du Rossignol." Miss Fisher played Ignace Gibsons's brilliant "Marche Breillienne" and Miss White and Mr Osborne Williams a duet on airs from Gounod's *Faust*.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The fifteenth *soirée* of the eleventh season of the Schubert Society took place at Langham Hall on Friday, the 21st December. Among the new members who made their first appearance were Misses Beazley and Englewood, Messrs Percy Blandford and Angus. The *débutantes* were assisted by Misses Grosvenor, Palmer, Lillie Albrecht, Alice Aloof, and May, Messrs Hause, Schneider, De Lara, and Bishenden. In the course of the evening Herr Schuberth addressed the audience:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I consider it my duty to say a few words to you on this the last *soirée* of our eleventh season, to thank you for the support you have given. When about eleven years ago I, with a few friends, formed this society for the object of giving an opportunity for young rising artists to appear in public in conjunction with those of reputation, and for composers to have their works performed for the first time, I did not anticipate that my efforts would be crowned with such success. We are growing slowly and steadily, and count amongst our numerous members, not only many of the musical profession in England, but also many foreign celebrities. I will not longer occupy your time, but trust that next year (we begin again in February) old members will introduce many new subscribers. In conclusion, allow me to wish you 'a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.'"

CASSEL.—The historical operatic performances at the Theatre Royal are proceeding in a satisfactory manner. *Die Zauberflöte* was followed by Winter's *Unterbrochenes Opferfest*, which was received with lively approbation. The local journals express their surprise that this work is not a stock opera.

## PROVINCIAL.

DUNDEE.—The Dundee Harmonic Society gave Handel's *Messiah* in the Kinnaird Hall on December 26th, with Miss Carina Clelland, Miss Palmer, Signor Fabrini, and Mr Henry Pope, as principal vocalists. Dr A. L. Peace presided at the organ, and Mr S. C. Hirst conducted.

LEITH.—The Kennedy Family gave their delightful Scotch entertainment in the Junction Street Hall on New Year's Day. On New Year's Night the programme consisted entirely of Jacobite songs, from "Killiecrankie to Culloden," and on the following evening, "A Nicht wi' Burns" attracted an enthusiastic audience.

SWINDON.—The members of the New Swindon Choral Society's annual performance of *The Messiah* took place on the 19th December. The principal vocalists were Mdm Worrell-Duval, Miss Lyall, Mr Selwyn Graham, and Mr Thomas Kempton. The whole performance, under the direction of Mr A. Sykes, was most satisfactory. Miss Lyall, from the Royal Academy of Music (pupil of Signor Goldberg), who sang for the first time at Swindon, made a highly favourable impression by her beautiful contralto voice, and by her perfect style of singing.

WESTERHAM.—On Thursday evening, December 27th, Mr Francis Howell's new cantata, *The Song of the Monks*, was produced. It is a work suitable for all times and seasons, and is sure to be popular wherever heard. *The Sussex Express* protests that it hardly knows which to admire most, "the tuneful and melodious conception of the composer's fertile brain, or the beautiful and natural word-painting of the poetess" (Miss Sarah Phoebe Howell). The principal vocalists were Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Susan Howell (a sister of the composer), Mr Stepney, and Mr Chapman. During the work the audience manifested their satisfaction by repeated applause.

## WAIFS.

Mr Arthur Sullivan is passing a short holiday at Nice.

Salvini commenced a fresh engagement in Paris on the 7th.

*Gilles de Bretagne* has but moderate success at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Adelina Patti will sing during her Italian tour at the San Carlo, Naples.

The number of theatres open in Italy for opera during the Carnival season will be sixty-eight.

M. Faure has been offered an engagement at Madrid, during the nuptials of the King of Spain.

Verdi's *Rigoletto* has been performed, for the first time in German, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

M. Lasselle, recovered from his indisposition, has resumed the part of Nelusko at the Grand Opera.

A street missionary offered a tract to a woman, who declined it, saying—"Thank you, I am already saved."

It is not decided whether the Grand Opera, Paris, will give five or four performances a week during the Exposition.

There is a report that Sig. Bottesini will produce at the Teatro Doria, Genoa, a new opera, *Ero e Leandro*, words by Arrigo Boito.

Wagner's new poem, *Parsifal*, has been published by Schott & Sons in Mayence, as well as the sketch for a sonata by the same master.

A resolution for modifying or abolishing *le droit des pauvres* levied upon the Paris theatres will be proposed next session to the French Chamber of Deputies.

Mlle Marianne Brandt has received an invitation to sing the part of Lea in Rubinstein's *Maccabée*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna; but she went.

Mad. Madeline Schiller gave the last of her Pianoforte Recitals at the Horticultural Hall, Boston, U.S., on the 19th December. She returns early this year to England.

Miss Francesca Ferrari has gone to Cowes (Isle of Wight) for a fortnight, her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice being desirous of continuing her lessons in singing during the vacation.

A young man of Francisco, remarking that he never gambled, because he found that, if he won money one day, he lost it the next, was told he ought to gamble only every other day.

The orchestra of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, will, it is said, be heard at the Crystal Palace, on their way to Paris, where they are to give six concerts during the Exposition. The Brothers Strauss and orchestra will also visit London. (*A quoi bon?—D. P.*)





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